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TEXAS.—A PARTY OF MEXICANS CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE, RETURNING FROM A HORSE-STEALING RAID IN TEXAS.
FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES GREATORREX.—SEE PAGE 359.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, JULY 28, 1877.

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AN ILL-TIMED MOVE IN LOUISIANA.

THERE are in the Southern States a large number of political fossils, denominated by conservative yet progressive men, Bourbons, who, like their French prototypes, "learn nothing, forget nothing." This disturbing element is always flying its lilies when the people want the tri-color; always arrogating to itself a bogus divine right to govern the masses; always blundering into abyssal mud, and dragging down enough victims to give Bourbonism an unenviable notoriety as a splendid failure. There is not an instance, since the close of the "late unpleasantness," of an exhibition of sagacious statesmanship on the part of these fossiliferous remains of ante-bellum days. Louisiana, of all the States of the South, has been peculiarly cursed by men who had the desire, but not the capacity, to rule. Before intrepid mediocrity, modestly retired, and even yet is afraid to venture its meek and honest opinions. Intelligent, well-meaning and patriotic citizens entertained high hopes that President Hayes had successfully inaugurated such an era of good feeling as would vie with the historical era which blessed the administration of James Monroe. Certainly, the President ardently wished that his work of reconciliation would be so universally accepted by Louisianians that there could be no reasonable ground for any controversy with him. And this wish would have been thoroughly realized, but for a class of Republican malcontents, smarting under disappointment, on the one hand, and a number of Democrats, who are never content to "let well-enough alone," on the other hand. It was expected that Packard would roar his abuse of the Southern policy of Mr. Hayes. Nobody wanted to deny the ex-Marshall and whilom Governor the consolation of such leonine glory. Nor was it to be expected that Pitkin, another ex-Marshall, the weaver of mellifluous verse, the Columbian orator of political barbecues, the peculiarly honest and upright dealer in bankrupt discharges, the applauding supporter and friend, until recently, of the President, would fail to assist in swelling the roar of Packard. Both of these men had been left out in the political cold, and they must be allowed to grumble and threaten vengeance. But that the Packard-Pitkin attempt to throw odium upon the Administration should meet with Bourbon support, no man can wonder, for it is in keeping with the antecedents of the leaders of that forlorn hope. We are led to these reflections while considering the late indictment of Wells, Anderson, Kenner and Cassanave, known as the Louisiana Returning Board. Information has been filed in the Superior Criminal Court of New Orleans, charging these men with violating a section of the Revised Statutes, in feloniously altering and publishing as true certain altered, false, forged and counterfeited records of the election in November last, especially in the matter of the Vernon Parish returns. The crime is alleged to have been committed on the 4th of December, 1876.

It is stated that Pitkin, who boasts of the ready support of Packard, was used as the chief instrument before the Grand Jury. That fussy individual makes open declaration that he holds in his hands certain weighty and damning evidences of the guilt of the Returning Board, and of high Republican officials and ex-officials. He gravely informs the public that he is *particeps criminis*, and, with an effrontery equal to the occasion, pleasantly anticipates testifying upon the witness-stand without his credibility being put in jeopardy! The finding of a grand inquest is no proof of guilt. That body acts upon *ex parte* testimony, and so inconclusive is it, and often so unjust, that the question of the abolition of such a body has been frequently mooted in several States within the last few years.

If it should be found that such an indictment as the one mentioned has for its predicate a local malicious intent to injure individuals, and disturb the peace of the country and the Commonwealth of Louisiana, it will be the plain duty of Attorney-General Ogden to enter a *not pros.* And again, if it be apparent that the prosecution of the Returning Board was put on foot by citizens of another State, whose favorite method of achieving success is by "a still hunt," the Attorney-General should see that the cases are struck from the docket. It is too late in the year to dispute the title of the President, and neither disappointed ex-Marshals nor great nor small candidates will make the slightest headway in any contemplated public disturbance. The modern Bourbons were never able to mount the staircase of the Tuileries unless by powerful extraneous aid, and our Bourbons will be no more successful as heroes than the trans-Atlantic paragons of stupidity. Even if a petit jury should convict the accused, the Presidency would be unaffected. The Returning Board might suffer, but there stands the recorded acceptance by both the Federal Senate and House of Representatives of the Louisiana returns, after they had gone through the hands of the Electoral Commission. Attorney-General Ogden and District-Attorney Finney, who conducted the prosecution in New Orleans, are States Rights men of the straightest sect, and if the Bourbonic wing of the Democratic Party, acting with those law-officers, and in opposition to the will of Governor Nichols, pause to think, they will see the self-stultification of attempting to go behind the electoral returns of a State which is held by them as the omnipotent voice of sovereignty! The political prosecution just commenced will stimulate the prejudice of a fanatical Northern element which professes to believe that no good thing can come out of the Southern Nazareth. It will renew the opinion of other unreasoning persons that Louisiana is a disturbing and factious sister in the great Sisterhood of States, and disposed to turn her back upon a chief Executive who, rising above all party considerations, and looking only to the material prosperity of the Southern States, broke the last shackles which General Grant had fastened upon a constitutionally equal and co-equal State. No one need be apprehensive of serious results flowing from this attempt to reopen the Presidential question through the medium of the Vernon Parish returns, or any other returns. It is safe to say that the reflecting portion of Louisianians, and of Southerners generally, will so discountenance the covert attack upon Mr. Hayes, as to render it next to impossible to empanel a petit jury that will convict the accused. The Southern States, and among them notably Louisiana, have entered upon a new career. The present prosecution will not retard it, but the act, from its initiation to its culmination, will be regarded as ill-advised, ill-timed and unjust to a President who held the rights of Louisiana as sacred as those of his own Ohio.

BANK NOTE MANUFACTURE.

A DISPUTE which has arisen between the bank-note engraving companies and the Treasury Department has served an instructive purpose in enlightening the public in the system upon which our national currency is manufactured. Bank-note engraving has been carried on in the United States as a business for eighty years, and at the beginning of the Rebellion over thirteen hundred banks had their plates thus prepared by private companies. Upon the creation of the national bank system this industry was all absorbed by the Government, but in 1862 the pressure of business compelled the Treasury Department to accept an offer of aid from the American Bank Note Company, and the entire bank-note issue ultimately devolved upon this and its associate companies. In 1875 the Bureau of Engraving and Printing reassumed a portion of the labor, and printed the faces of the notes until the beginning of the present year, when the entire work was removed to Washington, to be performed by Government operatives. The bank-note companies being left, to use their own language, with idle machinery, were very indignant at this sudden withdrawal of patronage, the assurance of which had induced them to provide and erect new buildings, to purchase expensive machinery, and to involve themselves in long leases. They claim that, after having for many years done their utmost to assist the Government, they have suddenly found themselves deserted, through the success of an unlooked-for political manoeuvre. Their contracts have been abruptly annulled, and no apology, even, has been tendered for the violated agreement. In the course of this discussion the question has been revived of the legality of the Government Bureau itself—the companies claiming, with much plausibility, that there was no constitutional or legal sanction for its creation, and that its con-

duct is not subjected to the restrictions which should be imposed upon so important a department. It is "a power uncontrolled by any department of the Government, and in itself controlling the most important of all, the national finances."

In his report of 1869 the Secretary of the Treasury stated that the additional security gained by distributing the printing among different companies was more than an equivalent for the increased expense occasioned by that system. A circular, recently published, with the apparent sanction of the bank-note companies, to which we have been indebted for several of the above points, goes into the subject at some length. By centring the work in one bureau, it is argued, there is a lack of security; and it is said that at the next session of Congress grave charges regarding over-issues will be brought. Of the hundreds of millions of dollars in notes furnished by the companies in this city, not a single dollar was lost or unaccounted for, while, between the years 1861 and 1867 over \$3,000,000 was "lost, stolen, or unaccounted for" by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. As to expense, it is a well-settled fact that the work could be done by the companies at a less outlay than is now required. In February, 1874, three of the bank-note companies offered to contract for the production of all issues of notes, bonds, and other securities of the Government, for three, five or ten years, at an annual saving to the Government of \$100,000. Their offer was declined, and petitions signed by prominent bankers of New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, that the work should be done by distinct departments, were without effect. The result of this, as may be supposed, was that a branch of skilled industry carefully fostered, with a single exception, by every Government in the world, was practically ruined here. The only Government work now done by the bank-note companies in this city is the printing of internal revenue stamps. This work was taken upon a contract at a saving to the Government of \$75,000 a year. It is a question how long they will be able to keep this. Outside of individual work, the main orders are now from Europe and South America, all the notes and bonds for the latter place being produced here. Influence from the bureau has been exerted to cut off these, and it is alleged that threats have been made by one high in authority there that he would break up the bank-note companies. It is claimed that a great deal of unnecessary work has been created in past years in the bureau, entailing additional expense upon the Government. For instance, in destroying fractional currency, little effort was made to separate the old from the new; the greater the quantity destroyed, the greater the amount of work to give the large force a semblance of employment. Other irregularities also are charged against the Federal bureau. "It's a regular powder-mill," said one speaker, "and may blow our finances up at any time—we don't know where." It is said that the officials of the bureau seem to have the power of farming out to irresponsible persons the making and printing of Government securities, after the work was taken from the companies in this city. A notable instance was the organization of the Columbia Bank-note Company in Washington, to be fed on this official pap. During twelve years of experiments nothing has been done in the interest of the people, but much towards destroying a skilled industry.

Public interest in the subject is, of course, centred solely upon the two considerations of accommodation and economy. Still, the popular sense is averse to tolerating an unwarranted violation of a contract such as seems to have been entered into between the Treasury Department and the engraving companies, particularly when, as is here alleged, the discrimination is made in favor of a bureau the validity of whose existence is a subject of dispute. It must be borne in mind, however, that thus far the argument has been conducted on one side only, that of the companies, and the explanation which is now in order from the other side may throw a very different light upon the whole subject. Whatever may be the final issue of the matter, the service done in the past by the engraving companies is not likely to be soon lost sight of, nor the high repute which their efforts have achieved for American art in foreign countries.

The Russian Government several years ago expended a large sum of money in transplanting to its own territory a similar establishment, the machinery and skilled labor of which were all supplied from the City of New York. Several other nations have their public securities engraved in this country. When Dom Pedro was in New York last Summer one of the most interesting episodes of his busy sight-seeing labors was his visit to the American Bank Note Company. An officer of the institution accompanied the Brazilian monarch through the apartments, but his well-meaning efforts at explanation were promptly

repulsed, the emperor showing himself almost as familiar with the machinery and processes of the establishment as the workmen themselves. The fame of the concern had reached him at home, and he had stored in his mind all there was to learn on the subject before leaving South America.

THE CULTURE OF FLAX.

FLAX has become one of the staple crops in the West, because of its certainty in returning a profit to the farmer; sure, because it defies the ravages of the chinch-bug, and matures too early for the locust. The fact that the potato-bug runs away from it has induced many persons to plant flax in the hills with the potatoes, in the hopes that when the flax comes to the surface it will protect the potato. If this proves to be a remedy, chemists ought to examine the flax to see what principle it contains which is destructive to insects, and to have it prepared for use as a substitute for paris-green.

Flax straw is now extensively used in the manufacture of bagging, and as 24,000,000 yards of bagging-cloth are annually required for the packing of cotton, it is important to manufacture as much as possible of it in this country, and hence the attention bestowed upon flax. The preparation of the straw is not a difficult matter. The tangled straw, as it comes from the threshing-machine, is taken to a grass field, and spread evenly with forks at the rate of two to three tons to the acre, and there retted by dews and rain until the fibre is loose on the stem. At this stage it should be carefully watched, as retting too much impairs the strength of the fibre, and also causes a waste in the process of manufacture. A machine is manufactured in Ohio by Lee & Smith for the exclusive purpose of threshing and separating flaxseed from the straw, and leaving the straw in the best possible condition for manufacturing purposes, threshing either tangled or straight straw as straight as it went into the machine, threshing from fifteen to twenty bushels per hour, and cleaning the seed ready for market. When the straw is straight it can be profitably retted under water for dressing. There is a machine, costing \$125, which will scutch selected and pulled flax, producing about 300 pounds of scutched fibre from one ton of retted straw, now worth fifteen cents per pound. The tow from scutching will pay a good return for the labor of its preparation. The United States produces annually about 4,000,000 bales of cotton, requiring 24,000,000 yards of bagging-cloth, about half of which is manufactured in the United States, and nearly all from imported stock; 6,000 tons of jute-batts imported from India are annually consumed in St. Louis in the manufacture of bagging, all of which material might be displaced by the use of flax-tow, which is really a better fibre than butts for working and producing a superior article of bagging. Since the introduction of improved machinery for preparing the tow there would seem to be no good reason why it should not be substituted for the imported jute-batts, especially in consideration of the fact that the crop thus far has escaped the ravages of insects which have caused so much damage to other agricultural products. Besides improvements in the threshing and scutching of flax, there is also an opportunity for introducing the German method of extracting the oil from the seed by means of carbon di-sulphide. The use of carbon di-sulphide not only produces a purer article, but also a much larger yield, without in any way impairing the value of the cake. There is a large factory near Berlin where all of the extractive oils are manufactured by means of carbon di-sulphide, and there is no reason why the same process should not be introduced into the United States. Such an industry would be very apt to carry with it the introduction of new agricultural products from which oil is made. The castor-oil bean, for example, could be tried, and more attention paid to numerous pharmaceutical plants. To return again to the flax-tow: The manufacture of bagging-tow of good quality, after machinery is erected and straw delivered at the mill, does not exceed a cost of one-half cent per pound. The machinery of the most approved kind for the manufacture of tow at the rate of 2,000 to 2,500 pounds per day, including steam-power, belting, shafting, and all findings necessary, will cost about \$3,000, with a capacity of consuming 1,000 tons of straw annually. The waste taken from the straw in passing through the machinery makes abundant fuel for steam-power, an item of much importance in localities where fuel is dear. Besides bagging, cordage and twines could also be made from flax and hemp. These articles are now chiefly manufactured in the Eastern States from imported material. The imports into the United States of vegetable fibre, except cotton, have amounted to the value of \$26,208,000 in a single year; of this amount, \$6,313,000 was for raw material. It is evident, from these

statistics and observations, that flax-culture is one of the industries to which the attention of our agriculturists and manufacturers ought to be called. It offers the strongest inducements of certain crops and ready sale, with a prospect of constant improvements in methods of culture and manner of treatment.

TROUBLES ON THE MEXICAN BORDER.

It was with a feeling of intense relief that the people of the United States heard, recently, that the Government intended in future to effectually guard that portion of our Western frontier which borders on Mexico. For the last ten years property on this side of the Rio Grande, and its immediate vicinity, has been comparatively valueless. It has been at the mercy of a set of thieving desperadoes, composed of the offshoots of several nationalities, but claiming to be Mexicans, who would gather at some convenient spot on the soil of Mexico, make a swift raid through Texas, and, after murdering and pillaging to their heart's content, would flee across the Rio Grande, and there, in sight of those whom they had plundered, would divide the spoils. They were safe under the Mexican flag. There no person wearing the blue uniform of the United States dared interfere with them, and the troubled Republic of Mexico had no police to take them in hand. Appeals to district commanders, and even to the City of Mexico, were powerless for restitution. After exhausting all the arts of remonstrances, our Government finally determined to take upon itself to pursue the robbers across the Rio Grande into their mountain fastnesses, choosing rather to destroy these common enemies of humanity at all risks than sit down supinely and see a vast extent of our territory made a blackened desert by the fire and sword of the denationalized desperado. This decision has met the general approval of all thinking people.

The situation was such as demanded a heroic remedy. On the other side of the Rio Grande is a wide strip of what may be called neutral ground. Once it was covered by flourishing haciendas, and its fertility was unsurpassed. But when the spur of the Sierras that lay beyond became the abode of red and white bandits, who lived by plunder, the torch began to do its work effectively, and nearly every sign of cultivation has disappeared there. Across these sterile plains the robbers make their swift advance and retreat, seeking shelter with their plunder in their mountain fastnesses, and confident because of the distance that intervenes between their dens and the camp of the United States troops. Practically, this part of Mexico has been abandoned to the mountain marauders. It has no garrisons or patrols. Might makes right there. Yet simply because by diplomatic fiction the flag of Mexico is supposed to wave over this really neutral territory, the marauders have been left to work their own sweet pleasure, secure of immunity from the authorities on either side. Of these authorities, one was confessedly unable to do anything. If the Mexican President interfered, the robbers would immediately place themselves under the flag of one of the many revolutionary leaders who are always waiting for something to turn up in their behalf, and would defy any orders that might be issued or any pursuit against them. On the other hand, the United States could, of course, perform the border police work which Mexico was unable to do. The only difficulty has arisen from a dread of diplomatic entanglement. But at last this has yielded to the imperative necessity of stopping bloodshed and rapine on the border, and the strong hand of the Federal law will now patrol both sides of the Rio Grande and enforce order at all hazards. Probably the Mexican authorities will heartily indorse whatever is done, since it is in the interest of civilization, but in any event it must be confessed by other Powers that it is the only remedy for ills too grievous to be endured.

Of course it was to be expected that partisanship would take advantage of this straightforward course of action to say and do some very mean things. Mr. Blaine, who aspires to take the lead in the anti-pacification crusade, has already hurled his thunderbolt, and is so venturesome as to assert that the defense of our border means the annexation of a large slice of Mexico and the corresponding increase of power in the Southern section of this country. It is scarcely necessary to argue against such a charge. The common sense of the people will teach them that when fanatical partisanship chooses such weapons of attack, it has lost all the semblance of patriotism and is a most unsafe guide. There is no desire for annexation at the South any more than at the North. With territory ample to support ten times our present population, the greed of acquisition can maintain no hold here. Only while we have an ample territory, to which we

invite the emigrant from all nations, we are determined that he shall be protected from all foes without and within. It is but a short time since the treacherous savage Sitting Bull sought a refuge on British territory, with his hands red with the blood of our citizens. If from his Canadian asylum he shall make raids upon our territory, and count upon the protection of the British flag, the authorities on the other side of the Northern border will be held to a strict accountability for his acts. If they cannot guard the border on their own side, there is no doubt that public opinion will demand that we shall do it for them. This is just what it is proposed to do in Mexico—nothing more. The troops of the United States will act as a border police, and will carry out the law which the authorities whose territory adjoins our own are confessedly unable to uphold. It is not probable that this determination will give rise to any change in our diplomatic relations with Mexico. A neighborly act, like this, ought surely to lead to no embarrassment, much less to war. It certainly will not do so if our people set their seal of disapprobation upon the vindictive spirit of partisanship which prefers war to peace, in the accomplishment of its own selfish ends.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

WORTHLESS SURVEYS.—It is announced at the Interior Department that a new departure in the matter of surveying public lands in the Territories is to be made. The Secretary says that he finds a great number of surveying contracts for dividing lands, which the whole country knows to be utterly worthless and which must always remain so. These are the Sage and Alkali Deserts of the Interior. Most of these contracts were given, so it is asserted, to political favorites. The plan announced as probably to be adopted will be to oppose any future appropriation for work of this class, and to recommend a general reduction in the surveying force and the abandonment of any sub-division of desert regions into townships and sections under the present system. The Interior Department's estimate of the saving in the expenses of land offices and surveys by this proposed change is one million dollars.

HOW IT WORKS.—Communications are daily being received by the Post Office Department from Postmasters of small offices throughout the country stating that they have resigned positions as members of county political committees, etc., but it seems that no postmaster has yet considered it advisable to relinquish his salaried office in preference to retiring from one of the merely political positions covered by the President's recent order. Many of these communications addressed to the Postmaster-General contain the amusingly inappropriate phrase: "I hereby resign my position as a member of the—Republican Committee." The Postmaster-General last week received a letter from a Wisconsin postmaster stating that four out of every five members of the Republican State Executive Committee are postmasters, and inquiring whether their signature to a call for a State Convention will violate the spirit of the President's order.

PROTECTION IN GERMANY.—On the 11th of July, the State Department received from the United States Consul-General at Frankfurt-on-the-Main a full report of the proceedings of an important meeting of manufacturers and delegates from commercial firms and societies in all parts of Germany, recently held in that city, to consider the best means of preserving and promoting the national industry. The most important action of this meeting was the adoption of resolutions declaring that no commercial treaties should be concluded, and that no further reduction of the tariff should be enacted, until a thorough inquiry has been made into the state of trade in Germany; recommending the re-imposition of the duty on coin, which was removed last January, and suggesting that unless increased protection be furnished to domestic industry, German manufacturing capital will seek investment in other countries. The meeting was attended by about four hundred and fifty delegates.

OUR MEXICAN RELATIONS.—Mr. Mata, who recently presented credentials from the Diaz Government in Mexico, accrediting him as the representative of that Government in this country, has had no communication with the Secretary of State beyond the formal presentation of his papers. It is not true, therefore, that Secretary Evarts has suggested conditions on which the Diaz Administration shall be recognized, although it may possibly be true that Mr. Mata is ready to make liberal promises. The Mexicans have always promised well, but it has been their failure to keep their promises that have made trouble in the past. Secretary Evarts will not act hastily in this matter, since no American interest is suffering by the failure of Mexico to have an accredited Minister here. France and England have had no diplomatic relations with Mexico since the downfall of the Maximilian Empire, and the latest news seems to indicate that Germany will await the action of the United States before recognizing the Diaz Government.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.—On July 12th, the first strand of the south cable of the Brooklyn Bridge was lowered into position. As made, the strand was bent around a cast-iron "shoe," made in the form of a horse-shoe magnet with the ends connected, and thirty inches long, by eighteen wide and five thick. These shoes were fitted like a socket over a smaller shoe on what is called a "leg," a cast-iron frame or box fitted over the anchor-bar. The first stage of the work was to pull the shoe back, so as to allow it to slip off the leg. Then to pay out on the strand so as to bring the shoe opposite the eyes in the ends of the two anchor-bars

by which the strand is to be held, and secure it with an "eye bar." The operation was performed in one hour from the time the strand began to move until it was finally secured. The Brooklyn end was secured first, and then the engineers brought their men across to the New York anchorage, and went through the same operation there. Hereafter, large vessels passing through the East River must lower their topmasts, or have them carried away. Two more strands will be lowered this week, and thereafter they will be put in position at the rate of four strands in three weeks, until all are in position and ready to be bound into cables.

NEW NAVY SIGNALS.—Orders have been issued by the Navy Department to govern the use of the Very Signal Light, which will be used in the navy hereafter in place of the Coston Signal, which has been in use for some years past. The new signals are the invention of Lieutenant-Commander Very, of the navy, and are a great improvement on the old system. They will have the appearance of Roman candles in two colors, which, by time intervals, will indicate the numerals, and will enable the vessels using them, through their signal-books, to have as perfect understanding as with flags during the daytime. The Very signals will be projected to a height of about two hundred and fifty feet, by means of a pistol designed for that purpose, and will thus be available at a great distance, in this particular alone being superior to the Coston signal, which is not thrown into the air, but simply burns over the side of the ship, lighting up the whole vessel and disclosing her character to an enemy. If burned to the windward, the material of which they are composed flies on board the ship, and it is liable to burn the operator and any material in the wake of the sparks. The Coston system has thirteen combinations of colors, while the Very system is more simple, having but two.

AN IMPORTANT MEETING.—A meeting of the Governors of the several States of the Union, which it is proposed to have held in Philadelphia next month, promises to be a success in point of numbers. Colonel Peyton, of New Jersey, who has been to Richmond to see Governor Kemper, reports that there is a prospect that a number of Governors of Southern States will attend. He has called on Secretary Schurz and Postmaster-General Key, who warmly indorse the idea of the meeting. It is expected that Governor Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, will meet the Western Governors at Pittsburgh, and that Governor Carroll, of Maryland, will meet the Southern Governors in Baltimore, and accompany them to Philadelphia. There the party will be entertained by the merchants of that city, and will make a visit to Cape May. They will arrive in Philadelphia August 26th, and will come from there to New York, where it is expected that Governor Robinson will receive them. After seeing New York they will go to Boston by the Fall River line, and be entertained by Governor Rice. They will also visit Lowell while in Massachusetts. It is probable that for political reasons there will be no attempt made to have the party meet President Hayes, although some of them may call on him on their way home.

OUR INTERNAL COMMERCE.—The first annual report on the Internal Commerce of the United States has just been completed. This report covers a wide range of subjects, embracing the economy of transport by mail, the competitive forces which exert an influence over the internal commerce of the country, and the principal commercial movements of the country. The Canadian transit trade, and the growth of direct trade between interior points at the West, and points in the Atlantic and Gulf States, and of direct trade between interior points in the United States and foreign countries, are fully discussed. The railroad problem is treated of at considerable length, both as to the United States and foreign countries. It is said that the value of the railroads of the United States is about twenty-three times the value of the shipping engaged in our foreign commerce, and that the value of our internal commerce is twenty-five times the value of our foreign commerce; that eighty-seven per cent. of the grain shipped from the West to the seaboard during the last year was transported on rail-lines, and that over ninety per cent. of the internal commerce of the country is on railroads. Although the total amount of contributions of the Government up to the close of the year 1876 in aid of railroad construction amounted to \$144,000,000, embracing land grants and subsidies to Pacific railroads, yet this sum is only three per cent. of the entire cost of the railroad system of the United States. It is stated that the Government has from its organization collected elaborate statistics in regard to our foreign commerce at great expense, but that prior to the appropriation for the preparation of the present work it had never instituted any means of collecting information in regard to our much important internal commerce. The services of sixteen persons as experts have been secured, embracing Secretaries of the Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce at the principal commercial cities of the country. The report is accompanied by thirteen maps, showing the principal commercial highways, embracing rail and water lines.

FEMALE SELF-IMPROVEMENT.—Among the notable institutions of Boston is an independent organization entitled the Society to Encourage Studies at Home, the aim of which is to induce young ladies to form the habit of devoting a part of each day to some systematic and thorough course of study. To carry out this purpose, courses of reading and plans of work are arranged, from which one or more may be selected according to taste and leisure. Aid is given from time to time, and a meeting is held annually, where the students may meet the managers. Ladies joining the society as student members must be at least seventeen years old. Each member pays two dollars a year to meet the expenses of printing, postage, etc. Members are expected to devote a certain amount of time each day, or each week, to their work as members. The term for correspondence is from October 1st to June 1st. The whole number of students admitted depends upon the ability of the committee to provide regular correspondence. The terms are closed

in June by a meeting in Boston, to which all students are invited. A lady wishing to join the society as a student can procure a programme of studies from the Secretary, Miss Anna E. Ticknor, No. 9 Park Street, Boston. When she has selected the branch or branches she wishes to pursue, she will inform the Secretary of her choice, and receive in return the special directions prepared for the course she has selected. She will at the same time be informed to whom she is expected to report her progress monthly. Pains are taken to recommend works that can be easily obtained, as students procure them for themselves. The students for the term just closed have been scattered through thirty-five States and Territories and the Canadian provinces. Of those formerly connected with the society 1,122 have been among the members this Winter; 110 for a second term; 9 for a third term; and 3 for a fourth term. Many express an intention to continue still longer. History was selected as a study by 208, of whom 155 persevered; English literature by 211, of whom 129 persevered; Science by 103 (13 of these taking two branches of Science), of whom 93 persevered; Art by 78, of whom 52 persevered; German by 42, of whom 38 persevered; and French by 34, of whom 14 persevered.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

JOHN H. KEYSER, a member of the old Tammany Ring, went into bankruptcy.

THE Georgia Constitutional Convention assembled at Atlanta on the 11th.

JOHN McMEITA, of Illinois, was appointed United States Minister to Brazil.

OVER 700 Mormon recruits reached New York from Europe, and started for Utah.

THE New York Open Board of Stock Brokers was formally dissolved on the 11th.

EMPLOYÉS of the New York Custom House, recently discharged, are exposing alleged frauds.

On the 9th the Merchants' Loan and Trust Company of Paterson, N. J., suspended business.

THE Grover Investigating Committee continued to hear testimony on the Oregon Senatorial election at Portland.

A GREENBACK CONVENTION was held at Des Moines, Iowa, a platform adopted, and a State ticket put in nomination.

THE village of Pensaukee, Wis., was destroyed by a tornado on the 9th, and the neighboring town of Couillardville was greatly damaged.

LIEUTENANT BULLIS, of General Ord's command, followed a band of horse-thieves from Texas into Mexico, fought them, and recaptured the stolen horses.

DURING the past week the price of gold in New York City fluctuated as follows: Monday, 105½; Tuesday, 105½; Wednesday, 105½; Thursday, 105½; Friday, 105½; Saturday, 105½ @ 106¼.

THE contest of the will of Commodore Vanderbilt was begun by his sister, Mrs. Le Bau, and, after taking testimony, Surrogate Calvin adjourned the proceedings until September 21st.

An improved Lay torpedo was tested with such success at Cleveland, Ohio, that agents of the Chinese Government purchased it, and ordered the immediate construction of a large number.

Up to the morning of the 13th the subscriptions to the new Government 4 per cent. loan amounted to over \$25,000,000 in the United States, while in London a large number of bonds were taken at par.

A MEMORIAL monument to the late P. P. Bliss, evangelist, and author of the popular hymn "Hold the Fort," who, with his wife, was lost at the Ashtabula disaster, was dedicated at Rome, N. Y., on the 10th.

SUPERINTENDENT SMYTHE, of the New York State Insurance Department reported a deficiency of over \$1,000,000 in the Universal Life Insurance Company, and upon this Attorney-General Fairchild moved for the appointment of a receiver.

Foreign.

ITALY recognized General Diaz as President of Mexico.

THE horse "Snail," owned by Lord Roseberry, won the Liverpool Cup in the race on the 12th.

GENERAL GRANT was received early in the week at Colloquill, and afterwards visited Frankfort-on-the-Main.

A DECREE was issued ordering the immediate creation of six battalions of the new National Guard of Constantinople.

RECEIPTS from indirect taxes in France during the first six months of the present year exceeded the estimates by \$5,000,000.

THE United Kingdom Rifle Team will sail for New York on the 16th August, to take part in the contest for the Centennial Trophy.

REPORTS show that at the present time more than 1,250,000 persons are receiving aid in the famine-stricken districts of India.

THE International Cotton Convention opened its session in Liverpool on the 11th, under the chairmanship of Mr. Bouch, President of the American Chamber of Commerce.

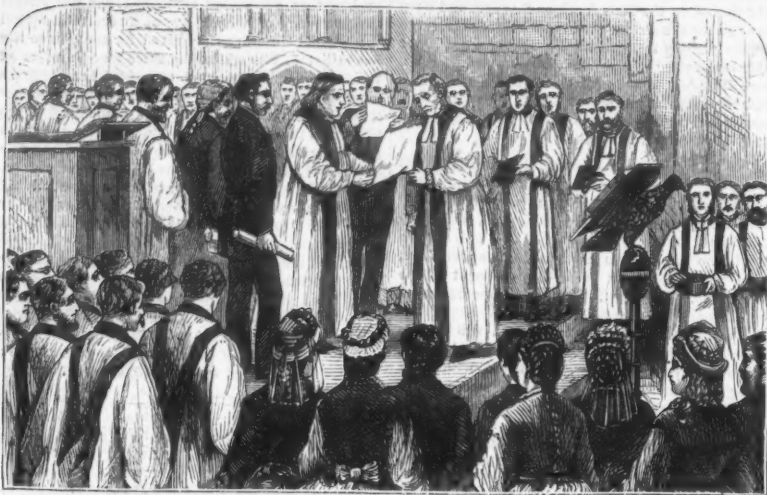
THE celebration of the Battle of the Boyne in Montreal, Canada, was attended by a small riot, in which the police proved totally inefficient. There was no procession of Orangemen.

THE Mayors of Tours and Amboise, France, were dismissed, the Municipality of Perpignan dissolved, and the sale of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, published in New York City, interdicted throughout France.

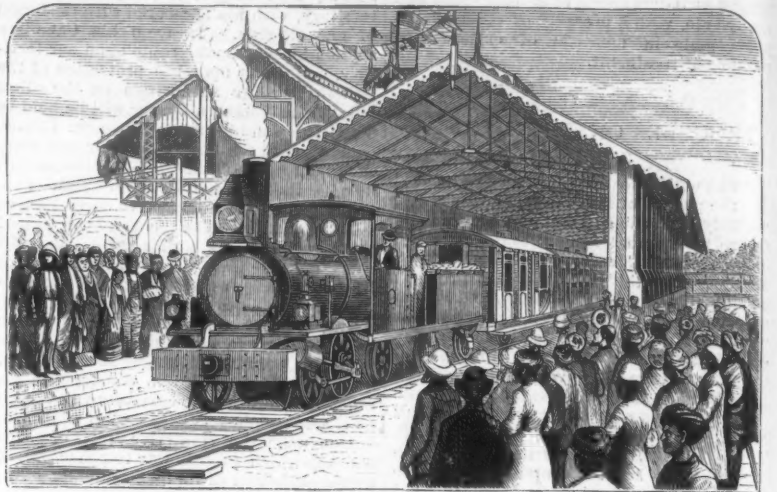
WITH the adoption of an address to Queen Victoria, signed by representatives of churches in twenty-five different countries, the Pan-Presbyterian Council concluded its session at Edinburgh, Scotland.

THE Turks were reported as having destroyed Cherketi, a town on the coast of the Black Sea, abandoned the line of the Jantia in Bulgaria, and expressed the intention of evacuating Montenegro Territory. The Russians were reinforced at Bazarik, continued the bombardment of Kist, called in Bulgaria as far as "Y. nova, and renewed the bombardment of Rustchuk.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 355.



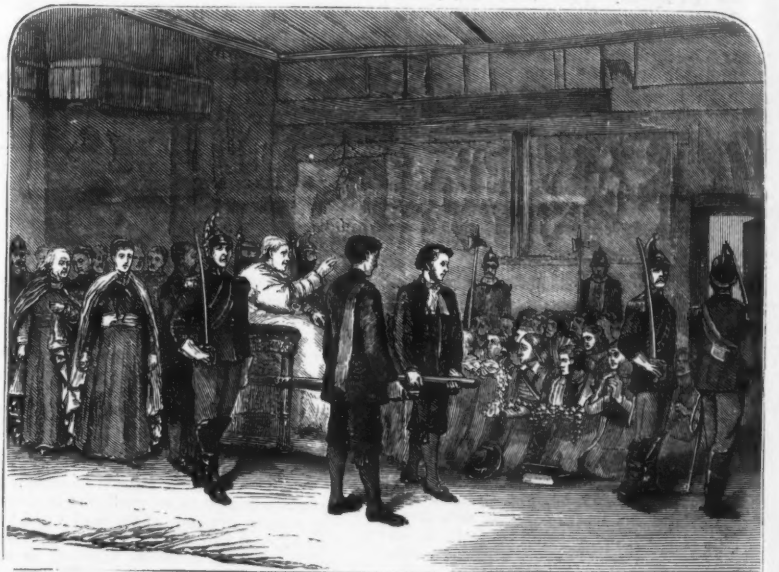
ENGLAND.—INVESTITURE OF THE NEW BISHOP OF ST. ALBAN'S BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



BURMAH.—OPENING, AT RANGOON, OF THE FIRST RAILWAY IN BRITISH BURMAH.



ITALY.—THE PAPAL JUBILEE—PIGRIMS IN ROME BUYING ROSARIES FROM THE HOLY LAND.



ITALY.—THE PAPAL JUBILEE—THE POPE BLESSING THE POLISH PILGRIMS AT THE VATICAN.



ROUMANIA.—PRIESTS BLESSING THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AT THE PLOESTI STATION.



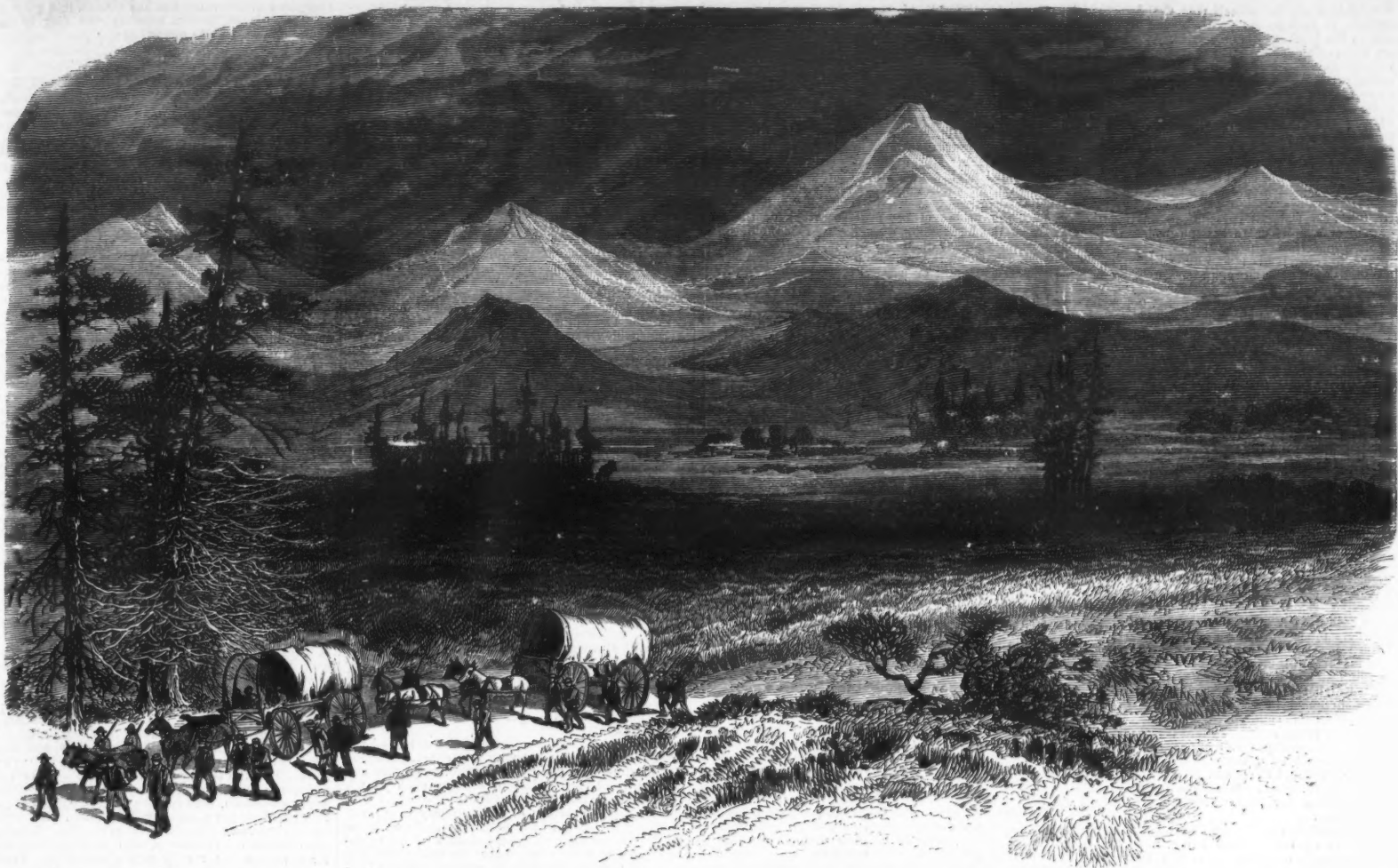
TURKEY.—VIEW OF WIDDIN AND THE DANUBE FROM KALAFAT.



TURKEY.—SOLDIERS STORING CARTRIDGES IN A MOSQUE AT RUSTCHUK.



TURKEY.—SOLDIERS CARRYING SHELLS AT VARNA.



VIEW OF CAMASS PRAIRIE, NEAR MOUNT IDAHO.—SETTLERS FLEEING FROM THEIR RANCHES.

THE NEW INDIAN WAR.

SCENES OF THE RECENT OUTBREAK IN IDAHO.
TYPES OF CHARACTER AND VIEWS OF THE
COUNTRY.

THE Indian war now raging in Idaho is, to a certain extent, the result of the half-measure policy frequently adopted by the Government in its treatment of questions pertaining to the red man. The causes that led to the present outbreak have been presented for the consideration of the proper authorities several times during the past ten years, but no notice was taken of them until two years ago, when the usual do-nothing delegation was sent out to see what could be done with the grumbling savages. The result was also the usual one—a heavy talk, but no action. The Indians have been chafing ever since, and have threatened

to drive all the white settlers from certain sections unless their wrongs were righted, but no notice was taken of their threats until they put them into execution by killing fifteen white settlers and wounding two women and one child. The origin of the war dates back to 1852, when General I. I. Stevens made a treaty with the Nez Perces, by which the Government took all their land except a small portion kept as a reservation. This treaty was made with a sub-chief called "Lawyer," who was appointed to the supreme command of the tribe, despite the protests of the people, by General Stevens; but Joseph, the chief of the present band, refused to be bound by any treaty which "Lawyer" would make, on the ground of its invalidity, and the fact that his tribe did not wish to yield their rights to the Walla Walla and Wallowa Valleys. They claim these yet, or Wallowa at least, and not being able to secure them, have gone

to war. Joseph always taunted "Lawyer" with being a squaw, and proudly refused to be the recipient of the white man's charity so long as the Great Spirit made game plentiful and gave them strength to hunt it. Notwithstanding his opposition to the conclusion of any treaties, he, as well as his tribe, have made it their special boast that they did not know the color of the blood of a pale-face. Previous to this outbreak the vaunt was actually true, for during the general war of 1855-6 in the Northwest, the Nez Perces remained loyal to their pledges, although every effort was made to bring them into the savage league. As a tribe they are unexcelled by any on the Continent in physical power, courage, and daring. They are considered the bravest warriors in the West, for even the fierce Sioux flee from their prowess and seldom compete with them except they have great advantages both in position and numbers. They

frequently sallied from their buffalo hunting grounds to engage their most inveterate enemies, and generally returned homewards with many a scalp dangling from their saddles. Unlike most Indians, they are merciful to women and children, and scorn to "fight squaws." The fact that they did not scalp or mutilate the dead and wounded during the recent engagements speaks well for their manhood. Being the finest types of the Fennimore Cooper Indians to be found on this continent, and being, withal, well-armed and mounted, the Nez Perces will make a stubborn defense before yielding to superior force and discipline.

The present war was practically opened on Friday, June 15th. Joseph's and the Salmon River bands assembled on Camass Prairie in the morning, and attacked the settlers, killing several persons, seizing all the teams on the roads, and taking possession of all that section, excepting Mount Idaho.



THE GREAT CANON OF THE SALMON RIVER, WHERE THE INDIANS INTEND TO MAKE THEIR FINAL STAND.

IDAHO.—THE NEZ PERCES WAR.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE INDIAN OUTBREAK OF JUNE, 1877.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. T. FARQUHAR.

The object of the attack was the desire of the Indians to avenge the death of one of their number by the hand of a white settler. At eight o'clock on the same evening Colonel David Perry left the Lapwai garrison with a force of troops, a band of friendly Indians, and a company of citizens; and upon his arrival at Mount Idaho, a small town, discovered that the Indians had moved towards the Salmon River, and were well posted in a deep ravine, at the head of White Bird Cañon. Messengers were hastened to inform General Howard, in command of the Department of the Columbia, and as soon as the condition of affairs was known he took the field in person and began massing his troops to more thoroughly pursue the Indians. On the 18th, Colonel Perry attacked the Indians, and after a fight of an hour, in which Lieutenant Thaller and thirty-three soldiers were killed, was forced to retreat, his Indian allies becoming panic-stricken at the first fire, and his own men giving way upon seeing so many of their comrades killed. In about a week General Howard had some four hundred men and five mountain howitzers in the field. Reinforcements began pouring in upon him, and he was soon able to dispose of his men to prevent a surprise. On the 2d of July, Colonel Whipple's command, with a company of volunteers, struck Looking Glass's band, at Clear Creek. The Indians, after sending word that they were ready to fight, opened the battle with the first shot. As soon, however, as the soldiers turned upon them, they broke in disorder and beat a hasty retreat for the hills, and other natural places of shelter. The troops captured the entire camp, burned all the provisions and took away one thousand horses. On the following day Colonel Perry, while on his way to the Cottonwood, with thirty men, was attacked, and in the fight lost Lieutenant Rains, ten soldiers and two volunteers. Colonel Whipple, hearing the firing, hurried to his assistance, and upon joining forces the two small bands succeeded in driving the Indians off. Since that time there has been more or less skirmishing, both parties receiving reinforcements, and greatly enlarging their field of operations. The Indian force probably numbers nine hundred men, but it is believed that before many days it will be increased by contingents from other bands to a very large force.

The Camass Prairies, named from the camass-root, which is both edible and nutritious, are generally hemmed in by high mountains, and from their summits sentinels can always detect the approach of an enemy, so that it is a difficult matter to surprise a party of outlaws in such places. The prairie shown in the engraving, which was the scene of Colonel Perry's attack, is at the base of a snowy range, where the Indians find an abundance of pasturage for their live-stock, and food for themselves.

Cañons similar to the one shown in the engraving, which is on the Salmon River, near the recent encampment, are very numerous throughout the whole of Idaho. They average from 8 feet to 1,500 feet in depth, and afford the Indians such ample means of concealment that few even the bravest men would dare to pursue them among the abysses. In addition to these cañons, further protection is afforded them by the basaltic walls which intersect the country. Behind the walls they are comparatively safe from all danger except that from casual bullets; and if driven from one standpoint by a charge, other walls close by give them a good retreat and the means of making a stubborn defense against the most experienced of Indian fighters. The Weiser Valley is directly on the line of Indian travel of the northern and southern sections of the Territory, and is very much exposed to Indian raids.

SUMMER SKETCHES.

UP THE HUDSON TO SARATOGA.

LITTLE did that right trusty mariner, Henry Hudson, foresee when, in the year of grace 1609, he tided the good ship *Half-Moon* over the waters of the lordly river which for all future time was to bear his name, that it would be traversed by millions of enthusiastic sight-seers, borne on its current in floating palaces, which, for sumptuous and luxurious surroundings, might vie with the fatal skill of the voluptuous Cleopatra, or the gilded barge in which the Doge of Venice proceeded to wed the Adriatic. Rising in the Adirondack Mountains, four thousand feet above the level of the sea, the Hudson dashes onwards in a deep and broad current, and between banks grand, bold and beautiful, for a distance of three hundred miles, when, with one wild, impetuous rush, it flings itself into the heaving and expectant bosom of the broad Atlantic. It has borne the names of Shate-muck, Mohagan, Manhattan, Noordt Montagne, Mauritius, North River, and River of the Mountains, and was, in the olden time, when navigated by wide-breeched Hollanders, divided in fourteen reaches. These reaches having been "steamed out," the number has been reduced to five, not for the purposes of navigation, but with a view to classifying the varied charms of this river of surpassing beauty. First in order come the Palisades, fifteen miles of a towering rampart of rock; then the soft and tender repose in the Tappan Zee, with the dimpled hills of Nyack, Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow; then the glorious scenery of the Highlands, and the twenty miles hide-and-seek, "with hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun"; then the verdure-clad mountains and the sloping banks, like one vast fernery, for miles above and below Poughkeepsie; and lastly, away in the blue and purple distance, "naked in open dayshine," the undulating, dreamy Catskills. No river in the wide, wide world presents such a chaplet of beauty as the Hudson; and while it resembles the Rhine, the Caledonian Canal and the Shannon, it surpasses all three in the special beauties for which each has been so justly celebrated in song and story.

SOME OF THE PASSENGERS.

A lovely afternoon in the past week found us on board a floating palace en route for Albany. A joyous, bustling, expectant, excited, well-bred, fashionable crowd buzzed about the decks. Old ladies, young ladies, middle-aged ladies, and ladies of no particular age at all, attired in traveling costumes of every conceivable sort, shape, size and description, sat, stood, reclined, lounged and lay, up-stairs and down-stairs (if such unaustral expression be permitted), in blues braided with white, whites bound in blue, browns trimmed with black, and blacks scalloped with brown—a blue serge, with cobwebs of Hamilton lace, being gleefully and jealously regarded as the correctest thing on board—buttons to the right of them, but-

tons to the left of them, buttons in front of them—in fact, an eruption of buttons seemed the prevailing epidemic. Some carried nickel-bound bags, and embroidered wraps like miniature bolsters; others were provided with quaint early English pockets, deftly marked with their monograms, and containing gossamer handkerchiefs fit but to brush an amorous butterfly from the upturned nose of the sleeping beauty in the wood. Some wore linen dusters from chin to heel, until they looked as though attired for a sack-race. Hats! shades of Gainsborough and Greuze! such grace, such elegance, such sweep, such *chic*, such loveliness, such head-carriers! Rakish little dogs, some of them with the least touching the bridge of the nose, or stuck on the side with the bewitching abandon of Peg Woffington; others worn as demurely as Clarissa Harlowe's, or flung back on the neck, and depending for support upon a rosebud or a sprig of mignonette; flowers so ripe and real as to induce roving bees and dissipated flies to seek Barmecidal feasts thereon. Hair! Ye gods! black, brown, chestnut, auburn, wine-colored, red, yellow and white; in plaits, pig-tails, curls, corkscraws, bands, kisses, Montagues, shells, rolls, and every other form known to the advanced females of this the age-end of the nineteenth century; pearl-powder, rouge, cherry-paste and burnt umber were fairly represented, and beauty-vails at a discount. Who was the villain that said, "Never trust a woman with a white veil"? The dear, delightful, dangerous women having been disposed of, let us take a look at the men. Old dandies, with dyed hair and side-whiskers of that purple so fashionable in Rome, B.C. 500. *Paterfamilias* issuing orders in an authoritative way, and glowing with the pride of "Here I am, with my household gods, off to the best hotel at Saratoga! Look at me!" Young fellows with collared heads, in the loudest possible suits, and nautical hats that would have won the heart of Black-eyed Susan, attached to canes of enormous proportions, and sucking cheap cigars or cheaper toothpicks, with an "I've just dined at Delmonico's!" air. Portly brokers in stiff white waistcoats, giving them all the appearance of gazing over newly whitewashed walls. Legislators looking very profound, and about as cheerful as Acts of Congress. Earnest-looking middle-aged men, in spectacles and alpaca coats, thirsting for information, and deep in the mysteries of the guide-books. Languid swells in blue suits, with striped stockings and patent-leather boots, absorbed in each other, and maintaining a masterly inactivity. Greasy-looking men in bulgy clothes, with diamond shirtstuds, chains enormous enough to hang Boss Tweed, and immense rings upon fat, hairy fingers, surmounted by inkly nails. We had a few provincials of the stage-Yankee type, and three tourists, whose glacial coldness, fixed eye-glasses, and general imperturbability bespoke them Englishmen, arrayed in their rhinoceros robes of insular prejudice. We mustered eight hundred, all told, but the good ship has carried, ay, and bedded, two thousand upon her upward trip before now. Of course, the small boys remained ashore to the last moment, in order to lay in a stock of peanuts, bananas, candies and other delicacies so dear to the youthful traveler.

THE ANCIENT PARTY.

And, of course, just as the gangway is about to be drawn aboard, the stereotyped elderly lady is declared in sight, who stoutly refuses to "hurry up"; who thrusts her handbox in the eye of the nearest deck-hand and her umbrella to back it up; who will not venture on the plank until it is more securely fixed; who drops her umbrella, then her reticule, then her spectacles, then all three, and refuses point-blank to budge an inch until her property is restored to her; and who is finally somewhat unceremoniously thrust forward under indignant protest and threats of writing to the *Herald*. At length the gangway is hoisted in, and we take our place in line until we reach the ticket-clerk, who furnishes us with a key and the cabalistic piece of paper which secures our passage and stateroom.

THE RIVER CRAFT.

A bright and brilliant sight greets us as we ascend to the deck. The river is studded with craft of every description, from the huge ocean steamer to the tiny sailing-boat, from the richly-laden and dignified argosy to the impudent little tug, scooting hither and thither and audaciously darting beneath the very bows of some leviathan, in momentary danger of being crushed up like an egg-shell. White-sailed sloops and schooners, ferry-boats speeding from shore to shore with their living and anxious freight, canal-boats of enormous dimensions, great tons of barges, the lazy life on which would seem like a Summer dream; pleasure craft in saucy swiftness, their snowy canvas resembling the outstretched wings of gigantic sea-birds—all these, with the teeming life on either shore, and the Palisades in the purple-blue and hazy distance, tend to form an ensemble at once striking, impressive, and, to the memory, imperishable. We would all seem bound for Saratoga; it is our Mecca, and clings to the lips of every true believer on board. Little groups soon form themselves in nooks of vantage. The bows are extensively patronized, camp-stools are in tremendous requisition, windlasses speedily utilized, and coils of rope compelled a double debt to pay. Jaunty young gentlemen, with a view to exhibit their intrepidity, sit loosely on the bulwarks, allowing their feet to hang over the side of the ship to the admiration and dismay of the young ladies. Very large cigars are smoked, and cheeks grow pale that but an hour ago blushed, if not exactly in praise of their own loveliness, possibly beneath the flushing influence of the seductive cobbler. Jones, of Wall Street, poses as if for his photograph; the position is painful, but Miss Bluepatch, of Fifth Avenue, rewards him with a look wherein a smile is secretly wrapped up, and he poses on to Poughkeepsie. Smith's boots are new and just a *little* too small for him, and yet this heroic fellow stands the whole way to West Point, expatiating on the beauties of the scenery to Miss Mintsauce, who, happy girl, is seated upon an ice-box, utterly unconscious of the delicious agonies of her afflicted admirer. We saw all this at a glance, and we saw more than this.

A NEWLY-TIED KNOT.

In the remotest corner of the boat, in a sort of recess behind the paddle-box, sat a brand-new bride and bridegroom. Angelina was attired in a traveling costume composed expressly for the occasion by that great artist, Worth—the Talleyrand of the toilet. The dress was a veritable poem, and seemed to caress the fair form like a thing of life. It would take the condensed evidence of a dozen French milliners to describe even the "goring," so it is not for us to rush in where a *modiste* would fear to tread. Edwin, too, was brand-new, from the gift of his boot, which betrayed the fact of its never having been hitherto worn, to the shiny felt hat, with the impress of the hatter's thumb still upon it; he was as glossy and bright as a new drug store. Several times did he essay to take Angelina's hand—that hand incased in a pale-primrose glove

of six buttons; but as spooning was evidently considered "bad form" by that young lady, she somewhat indignantly and vigorously repulsed his amorous advances, very properly telling him "not to be making a guy of himself." Bravissima, Angelina! already have you asserted your woman's rights! and this day twelvemonths, should you come this way, Edwin will seek the solitude of the bow for the enjoyment of his post-prandial cigar.

A BILIOUS JOHN BULL.

In the stern of the boat we encountered a hale and hearty-looking Englishman, who informed us he had been infernally badly treated by his liver. "Confound it," he exclaimed, in wrathful and indignant tones, "I am its dog, sir—its whipper-snapper. It knocks me about like a tennis-ball; it has lugged me along with it to every watering-place in Europe, sir—Buxton, Harrogate, Cheltenham, Bath, Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Homburg, Ems and Spa; and now, sir, it lugs me across the Atlantic, three thousand two hundred miles, to Saratoga, and will lug me out to the Hot Springs at Arkansas next, sir—it will, by George!" I gave up turtle, sir, both calipash and colipee, and I am down to hawf a pint of sherry and a biscuit at luncheon, and a bottle of dry champagne at dinner. It's a beastly nuisance, that's what it is, sir, and I am its dog, sir—I am leading it about by a string!"

SUNNYSIDE.

The grim, gaunt grandeur of the Palisades served to render the soft, sheeny, dimpled hills around Tarrytown, Nyack and Sleepy Hollow even more lovely, and bathed in a glowing bath of golden light, an auriferous glory, such as won Danaë for the mighty Jove. We craned for a peep at Sunnyside—the home, "made up of gable-ends and full of angles and corners as an old crooked hat," of Washington Irving—the scene of the loves of Ichabod, Katrina and the muscular Brom Bones, whose daring impersonation of the headless horseman won for him his pretty pouting bride. We pictured Irving seated beneath the spreading foliage, employed in thinking out some of his charming creations, or engaged in gentle converse with a welcome guest, say with the man of drooping eyelids and waxed mustaches, who did not then foresee that awful day when the French eagles would be trailed in the bloody dust of Sedan. Yes, Napoleon the Third was once upon a time a visitor at Sunnyside.

Tarrytown being the scene of the arrest of the unfortunate André, a patriotic gentleman, possessed of a loud voice, a vaulting ambition, a red face and a bald head, proceeded to enliven such of the passengers as happened to be within ear-shot with the melancholy details of the unhappy event, but so deftly succeeded in mixing up Arnold with the British officer that, at the conclusion of the narrative, it was utterly impossible to tell which was which. One sturdy old lady, with a massive forehead, massive curls and massive gold spectacles, angrily informed him that his "mix" was a very poor one, and having discharged this solemn duty, which she did with great spirit and vigor, betook herself to her guide-book, and was not seen to raise her eyes from its pages until she turned in for the night. At Haverstraw Bay, where the low-lying brick sheds so strongly resemble Japanese joss-houses, the patriotic gentleman described the assault upon and capture of Stony Point by General Wayne, and his brief dispatch to Washington: "The American flag waves here."

A BLIGHTED BEING.

Our attention was very much attracted by a mournful-looking young man who roamed listlessly amongst the passengers, and who, to all outward appearance, was a victim to the deepest mental affliction. Melancholy had apparently not only marked him for her own, but had claimed and taken full possession of him. His gloomy and somewhat fishy eyes were ever and anon paying Nature her tribute in the shape of a tear, while the blowings of his nose were of the prolonged intonation of a fog-horn. His sighs were miniature howls, and it was his wont to proceed in the direction of the machinery in order to relieve his feelings by groaning. Upon perceiving that he was observed by us, he approached and entered into conversation. The subjects he selected were the very reverse of cheerful, and a discussion as to the possibility of the boiler bursting seemed to afford him a grim satisfaction. At length he proceeded to confide in us. "I am the miserablest creature on the earth," he moaned; "they are going to give her to another. They have torn her from me. This is her photograph," producing as he spoke the effigy of a sharp-nosed, waspish-looking young lady, with an idiotic stare, very pinched lips, and a limp, shapeless form. She held in her hand what might have been a rose or a soft-shell crab, and wore a general aspect of the crust-stand. "Ain't she lovely?" he exclaimed. "Oh, you angelic being, where are you now?—ay, where, oh, where?"

After considerable beating about the bush, we gathered from this melancholy young gentleman that he was in search of a Miss Eleanor Julia Maria Sole, the only child of wealthy parents, residing in New York, and of whom he was desperately enamored, his affection being returned; that old Sole objected to the match on the somewhat reasonable grounds that his daughter was an heiress, and that her lover, Mr. Mercutio Spiffins, was not worth a red cent; that in order to break off the entanglement, Mr. and Mrs. Sole had suddenly departed for unknown regions. "Not to Europe, sir—I searched all the books of the ocean steamers—but to some place where the angel's mind may be diverted. I shall try Saratoga, and then Newport and Cape May—anywhere, everywhere, until I clasp Eleanor Julia Maria to my loving bosom."

Later on, when the band played "Good-by, Sweetheart," and "They have Given Thee to Another," his paroxysms of melancholy were painful to behold. "If it were not for the flute I would go mad. The flute consoles me," he said. "That solo soothed me a good deal;" and as we passed to our berth, at a somewhat advanced hour, we could hear the tootle-tootling of that imbecile instrument upon the upper deck—Mercutio Spiffins had squared the flute-player.

At Peekskill, the patriotic gentleman with the red face and bald head delivered himself of the curt reply of General Putnam upon the occasion of the hanging of Edward Palmer, an English officer and spy: "Edward Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy, has been tried as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy. P. S.—He is hanged." At Caldwell's Landing, opposite Peekskill, the remains of the coffer-dam, sunk to aid in the search for Captain Kidd's treasure, excited two or three speculative passengers, one of whom expressed a very decided opinion that a limited company should be started right away, to settle the question at once and for ever. This question will never be set at rest. It is just one of those semi-ghostly stories which possess sufficient reality to enkindle practical enthusiasm, and as time has mellowed the atrocities of the dreadful pirate, so has time not only

magnified his treasure, but has located it in a dozen different places, where, possibly, the ring of the freebooter's heel was never heard.

THE OLD STORY.

"Would that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek," exclaimed a young gentleman, leaning against the bulwarks, and gazing into her eyes. We did not dare to interrupt them. They were spooning. Life was before them. Love was with them. What cared they that the river was rushing to the sea! What cared she that his quotation was time-worn and threadbare. What cared he that her only reply was a giggle? The glamour was upon them, the rose-colored net was around them.

THE HIGHLANDS.

The entrance to the Highlands is guarded by the Dunderberg, or Thunder Mountain; and from the time we make our bow to the little Dutch goblin, who dwells within its depths, in trunk, hose and sugar-loaf hat, until we reach Newburg, a distance of seventeen miles, the scenery is of the most enchanting loveliness. The Dunderberg was a terror to the old Dutch navigators, as well as to the burghers of New York, who accompanied them on their week's journey to Albany. The sailors propitiated his goblinship by dropping the peaks of their moustaches, and considered themselves in luck when once past the dreadful Elf King. "Anthony's Nose," named after the nasal-organ of Peter Stuyvesant's trumpeter—Peter could blow his own trumpet, too—has been brought into very significant prominence by Irving. "Say, George," exclaimed a languid youth, attached to a cigar three sizes too large for him, and who felt somewhat personally aggrieved by the frequent repetition of the great author's name, "you wouldn't think old Irving dead, would you?"

"Dead!" drawled George. "I should say he was aboard the boat, and running it."

ROAMING NOSES.

As we neared West Point, a tall, gaunt, aristocratic-looking man, adorned with a Wellington nose that threw a gigantic shadow upon the deck, arose from his seat, and, approaching the side of the vessel, prepared for a good stare at the Academy. No sooner had he quitted his position than he was followed by a tall, gaunt, aristocratic-looking lady, with a nasal appendage of somewhat similar shape, who, in turn, was surrounded by five tall, gaunt, aristocratic-looking girls, all attired alike, and with noses miniature copies of that of their sire. "This is—ahem!—the Gibraltar of the Hudson," observed *paterfamilias*, addressing his offspring. We pitied the poor gentleman, with his five marriageable daughters, and their five unmarried aunts. They were an English family, whose nasal organs had actually driven them out of Europe, who were now en route for Saratoga to try their luck amongst the gilded youth of America. We consider their chances doubtful enough! Englishmen marry American girls; Americans never marry English girls. How is this? West Point! What quarters for cadets! What a nest for poet-soldiers. *Réveillé* and romance. Love and war. What a dainty bit of mountain and green-wood. The cliffs attired in their verdant robes, and veritable poems of villas coquetishly peeping out at us from behind the rich curtains of nature's deft brocade. The river ever plashing onwards, gliding at its own sweet will, now narrowing and landlocking, now broadening and floating us upon the tranquil bosom of a mirrored lake.

A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

The shades of evening had fallen as we quitted West Point, and the hills were preparing to wrap themselves in hooded gray. The dim, mysterious "hush" that night whispers to the dying day was upon us. The shadows of the mountains deepened, and their tops were dark purple in the twilight. New and wondrous charms were awakening beneath the balmy caresses of the night breeze, while a subtle perfume floated in the luscious air. Lights twinkled on the shore, in casements up high on the bluffs; on river craft, and in beacons, sending long streaks of illumination across the glassy water. The river was steel gray, and the shadows of the banks sank down, in ghastly and fathomless blackness. Stars came out in the dark blue sky, shimmering like rose diamonds; dogs bayed, and with the honest watch-dog's bark, the paddles of the boat alone broke upon the sublimity of silence. Oh, it was the hour of heart-ease, when that throb of pain called life was laid aside and almost forgotten. Within all was semi-animation. The gas—ahade of Henry Hudson!—was lighted, and the orchestra discoursed sweet music in the deck-saloon; a selection from "Lucia di Lamermoor," suited Mercutio Spiffins, who hung with gloomy fondness upon every note, and who wept copiously over the "Fra poco." The Englishman with the refractory liver was endeavoring to soothe that troublesome organ with a strong dilution of brandy-and-water. Chatty and chirpy groups lounged about the saloon, or leaned over the gallery-railing in all the innocent joys of a goodly gossip. The deck was deserted save by lovers and smokers. Two bank clerks, who were proceeding to fish the Adirondacks and to "rough it," were endeavoring to sleep beneath the canopy of heaven, but whether the stars were too winkly, or the rubber-spreads too uncomfortable, it is certain that they would have been far more at their ease in an upright position. Ah! no beds for them! They were Bohemians. A colored waiter who softly rumpled a banjo, and who was en route for the Grand Union Hotel, shared the deck with us, and ere we turned in we could trace the queenly Catskills far, far away upon our left, and the Mountain House, like a gigantic white bird flying upon outstretched wings out into the night.

ARRIVAL AT ALBANY.

Half-past six o'clock found all hands on deck greeting the rosy steps of Morning. Everybody looked fresh, well-groomed and joyous. The coquettish toilets of the previous evening were even more seductive beneath the bright new-born light. The spirit of gaiety was abroad, and everybody seemed inclined to say something cheerful to everybody else. A few trees in the Market-square, opposite the landing-place at Albany, would make it very French. We looked for market-women in their high white caps, and stalls laden with rainbow-tinted fruit, for blouses, for *gendarmes*; but we looked in vain. A few gentlemen, with their pants thrust into their boots, assisting in loading wagons with that unromantic but entertaining vegetable known as cabbage, and some noisy hackmen, filled up the near foreground. The passage up the river was barred by a grim-looking wooden bridge, bearing a strong, but enlarged, resemblance to the Traitors' Gate at the Tower of London, to which a number of small-boats were attached, in addition to a string of early-looking barges. The rush was now to breakfast. Some went in for the maternal meal on board the boat, others lounged up the city—which, by-the-by, resembles Tony Lumpkin's handwriting in being a very up-and-down sort of affair—to patronize the hotels, while a few enjoyed an al-

fresco meal at the depot. What a dingy, dismal, little station through which to filter the great ones of the earth! The Roman-nosed family actually recoiled in horror when they found themselves drifting towards it.

OFF TO SARATOGA.

All our tourists filed past us—the bride and bridegroom, the lovers, the howling swells, the would-be fast ones, the gushing girls, the gentlemen hung in chains, the strong-minded females who elbowed everybody right and left, the *paterfamilias* and his surroundings, the patriotic gentleman, the English ladies, the man led by his liver, and lastly, and looking the embodiment of woe, Mercutio Spiffins. "Don't forget her face," he moaned as he wrung our hand, "and should you come across her, drop a postal to 5,090 Third Avenue." The mighty pyramid of sumptuous-looking luggage melted beneath the agile hands of the railway porters, the bell sounded, the locomotive whistled, and, the bright, joyous and happy freight went on its way to—Saratoga.

THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE—PREPARING FOR THE APPROACHES.

LAST week workmen began the task of demolishing buildings in New York City to make way for the approach to the East River Bridge. A special meeting of the trustees was held on the 12th to adopt a plan for the construction of the approaches, when the commission of architects reported that there being no rival interests to reconcile, and no favored plans to push through, they recommend that the crossings of Rose, Vandewater and Cliff Streets, be made perpendicular to the line of the approach, thereby making them square, very much simplifying the manner and expense of construction, and rendering the arches more valuable for store or warehouse purposes. As good sand and gravel foundations can be found on both sides of the river, and as it is proposed to extend the masonry down to these foundations, proper stability is assured. The architects recommend that where there is any likelihood of stores being built in the neighborhood, the foundations should be sunk to not less than twenty-five feet.

The chief features of the plan selected are: "A simplicity of construction that will give solid, substantial work, at a reasonable cost, and at the same time a boldness of design and monumental character that accords well with the structure as a whole, and harmonizes with the portions now erected. We think the design is one of great dignity, that will bear fair criticism, and will wear well, admitting of close study, educating the public eye, and growing in favor as time passes, proving itself worthy of the noble structure being erected, which has no compeer in the world. The same design will work up well for both approaches. We are of the opinion that, as the bridge as a whole is the creation of one mind, and is complete in itself, all the points forming the whole should harmonize, and evince the same thought throughout. In our suggestions we have endeavored to introduce some of the more prominent ideas, as shown in the towers and anchorages, so as to impress upon the observer one thought, not the conglomeration of many; and we believe that the plans for each approach, as now presented, carry out these considerations. In regard to street crossings, we prefer stone arches where they can be introduced, and suggest them at Vandewater and Cliff Streets on the New York approach. For the other streets it will be necessary to have iron bridges, and for all except Franklin Square built boiler plate girders as the best. For Franklin Square we would prefer an open built truss of say 20 feet in depth to centre of chords. As a metal arch has been suggested in some of the plans for this site, we would state that it presents a difficult problem to work up, more expensive than a simple truss, and we believe, not so satisfactory in execution either for appearance or utilization when completed. The question of stone arches on the other streets in a measure depends on the question of the crossings being square or askew, and, while we state our preference, we admit that they may be very effectively constructed as iron girders, similar to the others shown in the plans. We trust that the views which we have advanced in this connection will be acceptable, and that our efforts may meet with approbation."

The Florentine arches are novel and striking. The cornice, while in harmony with the anchorage, is enriched by the addition of dentils. The pilasters at the street are chaste, ornate, and at the same time imposing. It cannot be denied that much of this effect is produced by the material and the fine cutting on it; and that this plan will therefore cost somewhat more than any of the plans which have been previously made.

The drawings of the approach submitted to the Board were received with admiration. The work promises to be an ornament to both cities. There are a consecutive series of simple arches at right angles to the line of the approach, broken by street bridges made of iron-plate girders. The only stone street crossings are at Cliff and Vandewater Streets. At Franklin Square an awkward situation had to be overcome. It was caused by a width of 160 feet on one side and over 200 feet on the other, coupled with a lack of suitable light and difficulties in erection. This will be spanned by a truss girder. The estimated cost is: Street bridges, \$39,930; granite masonry, \$245,054; foundations, \$198,797; interior masonry, \$109,936; floors, \$55,194. The estimated cost of the Brooklyn approach is \$648,911.79, and that of New York is \$1,288,827. Five per cent. is to be added for contingencies. The total cost, including the engine-house, the construction of the railroad, and the regrading and sewerage of Franklin Street, is \$2,141,318.

Our illustration shows the appearance of a section of Water Street after workmen had begun tearing down the obstructing buildings.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

THE CHICAGO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

AMONG the public institutions of Chicago, perhaps no other is so important as the Board of Trade. It dates its existence from 1848, but for the first few years had about as much as it could accomplish in maintaining a precarious and not very useful existence. Since 1857 it has exercised an increasing and most useful supervision over the trade of the whole Northwest, and a great influence upon that of the whole country. The splendid building which it now occupies, of which we give an engraving on page 359, was erected in 1872, to replace a large and handsome structure which it

occupied on the same site previous to the fire. The building is owned by the Chamber of Commerce Association, a distinct corporation, composed chiefly of members of the Board of Trade, and the latter body owns a yearly increasing proportion of the stock. It has a frontage of 93 feet on Washington Street and 181½ on La Salle Street, Exchange and Calhoun Places separating it from all adjacent buildings. The ground floor is occupied chiefly by banks and insurance companies and the first floor by offices. The great Exchange Hall above is 142 feet in length by 87 in width and 45 feet high. The roof is thrown over in a single span, without the obstruction of pillars, and the ceiling and walls are elaborately frescoed. On the south, twenty feet above the floor, is a gallery whence visitors may watch, with unobstructed vision, the struggles between bulls and bears, and note the success or disaster attending "corners" in corn, wheat, beef, cattle or pork. On the north is an elaborate rostrum for the president, with a large allegorical painting on either side of it. That on the right represents the destroying devil sticking his torch into every combustible corner to give the people of Chicago a roasting. That one on the left represents a strapping big angel towing on either hand some sort of heavenly craft laden with contributions for the needy, while below are the tottering and smoking ruins in the grandeur of their desolation. In each corner of the hall are telegraph-stands for instantaneous communication with all points of the world. At convenient intervals on the floor are small oblong platforms, three steps high, to be mounted by those operators who, having offers to make, are desirous of attracting the attention of the crowd. The dealers in each line of business, as wheat or pork for instance, have platforms assigned to be used by them alone, and this prevents much confusion.

The offices of the Board of Trade are located in the south and west sides of the building, consisting of a general business office, a secretary's office, committee rooms, a library and other needed apartments. The general business office is rather a vault than a room, being fireproof to the utmost attainment of human cunning, for the preservation of archives, documents, books and such valuables. Throughout the building the furniture is elegant, the wood finish being walnut and ash. All the principal doors are of glass, with costly and ornate arabesques and devices. The staircases are solid mahogany with massive newel posts of fancy woods, surmounted with bronze figures. The Board of Trade has a lease for nearly a century on so much of the building as it occupies.

The business of Chicago during 1876 was of an encouraging character; nearly all classes of property were handled in larger volume than the previous year. The aggregate of values may not have been increased, owing to decline in prices of many articles, especially the product of manufacturing industry, and percentages of profit have not been measured by the results of some former years; but scarcely any branch can be said to have suffered from continued depression to any great degree. Local manufacturing interests generally appear to have been moderately prosperous, and labor found employment and reasonable compensation with but little difficulty or interruption. Building enterprises were carried forward with considerable vigor, stimulated by the low prices current for material and labor as compared with recent years. Over fifteen hundred new buildings were either erected or started, involving a cost of about eight and a half millions of dollars. A very large proportion of these are dwellings, the construction of which has tended to reduce rents to very reasonable figures, and in this respect the interests of the city have been greatly promoted.

The officers of the Board for this year are: David H. Lincoln, President; Josiah Styles, First Vice-President; William Dickinson, Second Vice-President; Charles Randolph, Secretary; Orson Smith, Treasurer.

The day before the great fire ended a week of wheat receipts the heaviest ever known. Fine contracts were numerous, and the aggregate for the account enormous. At the first meeting after the fire the Board of Trade passed a special rule settling all of these contracts at the prices current at the time of its breaking out. By this proceeding many operators gave up the chances of realizing large sums through the violent fluctuations of the market, but the settled on a just and sensible basis, condition of affairs which would otherwise have overwhelmed many with disaster, and have also inflicted an additional blow on the credit of the city of the severest character. This was energetic and wise, generous and just, and it has helped much to strengthen the bonds which unite the members of this body, as well as to increase the admiration and respect of the general public.

The Limit of Vision.

HELMHOLTZ and other mathematicians of the first order, who have applied their methods of analysis to the subject, have alleged that the limit of visibility with the microscope has been reached. This belief is based on the theory that light itself is too coarse to permit the subdivision by which smaller objects may be revealed to our powerful lenses. The limit of visibility has been named as the 180,000th of an inch. But this view is not wholly accepted by microscopists. The Rev. Wm. H. Dallinger has made experiments which point to a very different conclusion. He employs a new method of practical observation, specially adapted to testing this question, and has constructed lenses which carry the limits of distinct visibility far beyond the boundary announced by the mathematicians. Much smaller objects are thus revealed than the theory thus referred to would indicate as capable of being seen. Furthermore, Mr. Dallinger does not believe that he has yet reached the limit of division and visibility by instrumental means.

The Speed of the Race-Horse.

To SIMPLY say that Ten Broeck ran a mile in 1:39½ presents rather a barren idea to the ordinary mind. It is something to say that the fastest time ever made before was 1:41½, but even that basis of comparison does not convey to one's mind any very satisfactory estimate of the tremendous pace at which this remarkable horse ran the course at the Jockey Club Grounds. We are accustomed to measuring speed in ordinary travel by the hour, so let us see what Ten Broeck might do if he could indefinitely continue the speed which he exhibited. He made his mile in 1:39½; that is, he ran at the rate of 36.042698 miles per hour. Dropping the decimals, and rating him, in round numbers, at thirty-six miles per hour, he would make 864 miles per day. He might run over the Shore Line Railroad to Cincinnati in three hours, three minutes, and nineteen seconds. He might run over the

Louisville and Great Southern Road to Nashville in five hours, forty-one minutes, and thirty-three seconds. He might give the through sleeping-car to New York several hours start and get in ahead of it. He might put a girdle round the earth at the equator in twenty-seven days, sixteen hours, and travel the average distance to the moon in 276 days and eight minutes.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The New Bishop of St. Alban's.

The diocese of St. Alban's (for the formation of which an Act of Parliament was obtained in 1875) consists of the counties of Herts and Essex and a portion of the county of Kent. As the Act in question gave Dr. Cloughton, Bishop of Rochester, the privilege to elect to either See, he selected the new one as the field of his future labors. His investiture and enthronement took place accordingly on June 12th, in St. Alban's Abbey, which was assigned by Act of Parliament as the Cathedral Church. In the Abbey between 3,000 and 4,000 people were assembled, and the "Hallelujah Chorus" was played on the organ as the procession entered. A few minutes after entering the cathedral, the Archbishop of Canterbury left the Communion Table and seated himself on a chair near the chancel steps. The principal Registrar of the Province of Canterbury stood on his right, and the Bishop Elect a little behind on his left. The Registrar having then, at the Archbishop's command, read Her Majesty's Letters Patent founding the Bishopric, Mr. Stephen Tucker, *Rouge Croix*, cried, "God Save the Queen!" and handed to His Grace the grant of arms for the new See. His Grace's mandate to administer the usual oath to the Bishop. The investiture then took place, the Archbishop reading a document which had been designed by the legal authorities for use at this ceremony. After this Bishop Cloughton, having sworn fidelity to the Church of St. Alban, was conducted by Archdeacon Grant to the Episcopal Chair. Dr. Grant held him by the right hand, saying, "The Lord keep thy coming in and thy going out, from this time now and for ever. Amen." He then solemnly installed and enthroned the Bishop.

The Irrawaddy State Railway.

On the 1st of May the first railway line in British Burmah was opened from Rangoon to Prome. A train of about a dozen carriages was brought alongside the platform. One of them was first-class, and was ticketed "Reserved." The station-house was decorated with flags and leaves. There were a number of Burmese and Chinese gentlemen among the arrivals, and a few leading members of the Mohammedan community. The third-class carriages are an improvement on those used in India, the entrances being at the ends instead of the sides. Punctually at six A. M. the train started for Engsean, a dozen miles up the line, stopping at two intermediate stations. It was home again by eight, an ingenious substitute for an artillery salute being provided by laying fog signals along the line.

The Papal Jubilee in Rome.

For a whole fortnight, from the 20th of May to June 3d, Papal Rome was busily occupied in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the consecration of Pius IX., then simple Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti—as Bishop of Spoleto. The ceremonies in honor of the event have been divided between the Church of St. Pietro in Vincoli, of which the Pope was titular Cardinal, and the Vatican, where the august "prisoner" has been receiving pilgrims in constant detachments, varying in number from a few score to 8,000 at a time. An exhibition of the gifts which have been presented to the Pope—for none of the pilgrims came empty-handed—was also held in the map galleries of the Vatican, where various contributions from all ranks and classes of Roman Catholics, and ranging from children's toys and sausages to splendidly jeweled chalices and missals, were displayed to the public. The chief religious ceremony took place in the Church of St. Pietro in Vincoli, where the chains which had bound St. Peter were shown to the faithful, and numberless Masses were said by dignitaries high in the Church at the three great high altars which had been erected for the occasion. Scarcely a day passed without some grand reception of foreign pilgrims; and one of the most interesting scenes was that depicted in our engraving, where, on the culminating day of the ceremonies, June 3d, the Pope is giving audience to a detachment of Polish pilgrims. Another engraving represents a characteristic scene outside of St. Peter's, in the street leading from the Bridge of St. Angelo to the Square of the Cathedral and the Vatican. The way is lined with shops containing rosaries, sacred pictures, figures of saints, little bronze models of the well-known statue of St. Peter, whose toe every good Christian is bound to kiss, and innumerable other trifles which, according to his purse, the pilgrim may fancy to take home as a souvenir of his visit to the Holy Father. Latterly, however, the aspect of this street has somewhat changed, and has assumed quite an Oriental character, the doorways being occupied by turbaned Christians, who proffer for sale rosaries and crucifixes of olive wood, which they profess to have brought with them from the Holy Land.

The Emperor of Russia at Ploesti.

One of our foreign pictures illustrates the reception of the Emperor of Russia in the railway station at Ploesti, where he is ceremonially invited to partake of bread and wine as a most illustrious guest of the Rumanian nation, while three dignified ecclesiastics of the Orthodox Eastern Church bestow on his august person their most solemn religious benediction. His Imperial Majesty stands, in military uniform, with his right hand laid upon his heart in a reverential attitude. The little bald-headed gentleman, with spectacles and mustache, wearing a broad ribbon and cross on his breast, is M. Cogelniceanu, the Prime Minister of the Rumanian Principality, who is next to Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, its ruler, chiefly responsible for aiding and abetting this war against Turkey. The Grand Duke Nicholas, brother to the Emperor, and Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army on the Danube, stands close behind His Majesty; the Czarewitsch, and another of the Grand Dukes, are present with him; Prince Gortschakoff, the veteran Russian statesman, Chancellor of the Empire and director of its foreign policy, is the feeble old man in plain civilian dress, with spectacles on nose, who hovers outside the Imperial family circle.

The Town of Widdin on the Danube.

We give this week again several illustrations of scenes at the seat of war in Turkey. One of these presents a general view of the town and fortifications of Widdin, and the Turkish encampment in its neighborhood, with a long stretch of the right bank of the Danube, seen from the opposite Rumanian batteries on the heights above Kalafat, on the left bank of that river. The point of view is shown in the foreground at the extreme left, upon the knoll or cliff where the "Prince Charles Battery" has been erected, and where a Turkish shell has just pitched and burst, scattering a party of soldiers who had been sitting at dinner there. The suburban villas and public gardens attached to the town of Kalafat are seen immediately below this higher ground. Beyond these houses, in the middle distance, spreads the wide expanse of water, where the swollen Danube has over-

flowed its banks and has inundated those meadows on the Rumanian side. A few islands are left uncovered by this spacious flood. On the tongue of a projecting lowland just below Kalafat, which appears to the left hand, is an unfinished Rumanian battery, designed to command the passage of the river, and to prevent the Turkish gunboats coming up to Widdin.

Turkish War Scenes.

The great seacoast fortress of Varna, on the Black Sea, is probably the strongest military position in the Turkish Empire, when backed with a superior naval force. Our sketch shows a party of Egyptian soldiers in that place carrying shells, to be used against the advancing Russian hosts. Another picture shows a characteristic, though perhaps an unexpected, incident at Rutchuk—that of a band of Mohammedan soldiers carrying boxes of cartridges to be stored in a mosque.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE City of Richmond, Va., has over 340 factories that give employment to 11,000 persons.

—OF the one hundred and fifteen candidates for admission to West Point, fifty-five passed and sixty-one were rejected.

—WATERMELONS, peaches, figs and plums are more abundant this year than ever before in San Antonio, Texas.

—SIX thousand tons of coal a day is the average amount now carried to tide over the Delaware and Hudson Canal.

—THE French Mint has struck 10,000 francs worth of centime pieces in bronze, each representing about the twelfth of an American cent.

—PHILADELPHIA is to be presented by the Japanese Government with a collection of articles representative of the school system of that country.

—THE first contract for railroad iron to be delivered at Rio Janeiro, since the revival of trade in Brazil, has been received by an American house.

—RECLUS ISLAND, off Bolton Bay, Lake George, has been recently purchased for \$3,000 by a New York party, whose name is not given to the public.

—THE canebrake lands in Alabama are coming into favor rapidly, and in a few years a plantation in that section will be as hard to buy as it was before the war.

—GRECE has 101 journals and periodical publications, or one for each 14,434 inhabitants. The number of political journals is 82, of which 36 appear at Athens.

—A NUMBER of car-wheels, intended for the Great Eastern Railway of England, have been made at the Lehigh Car-wheel Works. The institution also has some orders from South America.

—THE London World declares that an American citizen, speaking the other day of the present state of France, observed to a friend, "Hell itself, sir, could not be successfully conducted on such principles."

A TURKISH soldier, buying a sword at Damascus, tried its temper by cutting off the head of a Jew who happened to be passing, and the only notice taken of the occurrence by the authorities was an order to him to join his regiment.

—NOBODY has yet been able to tell how many counties there are in Texas, but they claim down there that two are each as large as Massachusetts, one as large as Connecticut, and two would together make about forty Rhode Islands.

—A TRAVELER up the Nile speaks of the tendency among the Nubians to put on mourning, not only for relatives or friends, but for a dead cow or horse. They wear no clothes, however; the expression of grief consists simply of a cord round the breast.

—THE French Government is calling in much of its silver coinage that has become worn and defaced. Two-franc, one-franc, and half-franc pieces coined previous to the reign of Napoleon III. are no longer legal tender, and are exchanged at the Mint.

—A PIGEON alighted the other day on the minute-hand of a church-tower clock in Pittsburgh, Pa., and remained there, well pleased with the motion it received at every tick, until it reached the hour-hand, and the pressure in a few moments squeezed it to death.

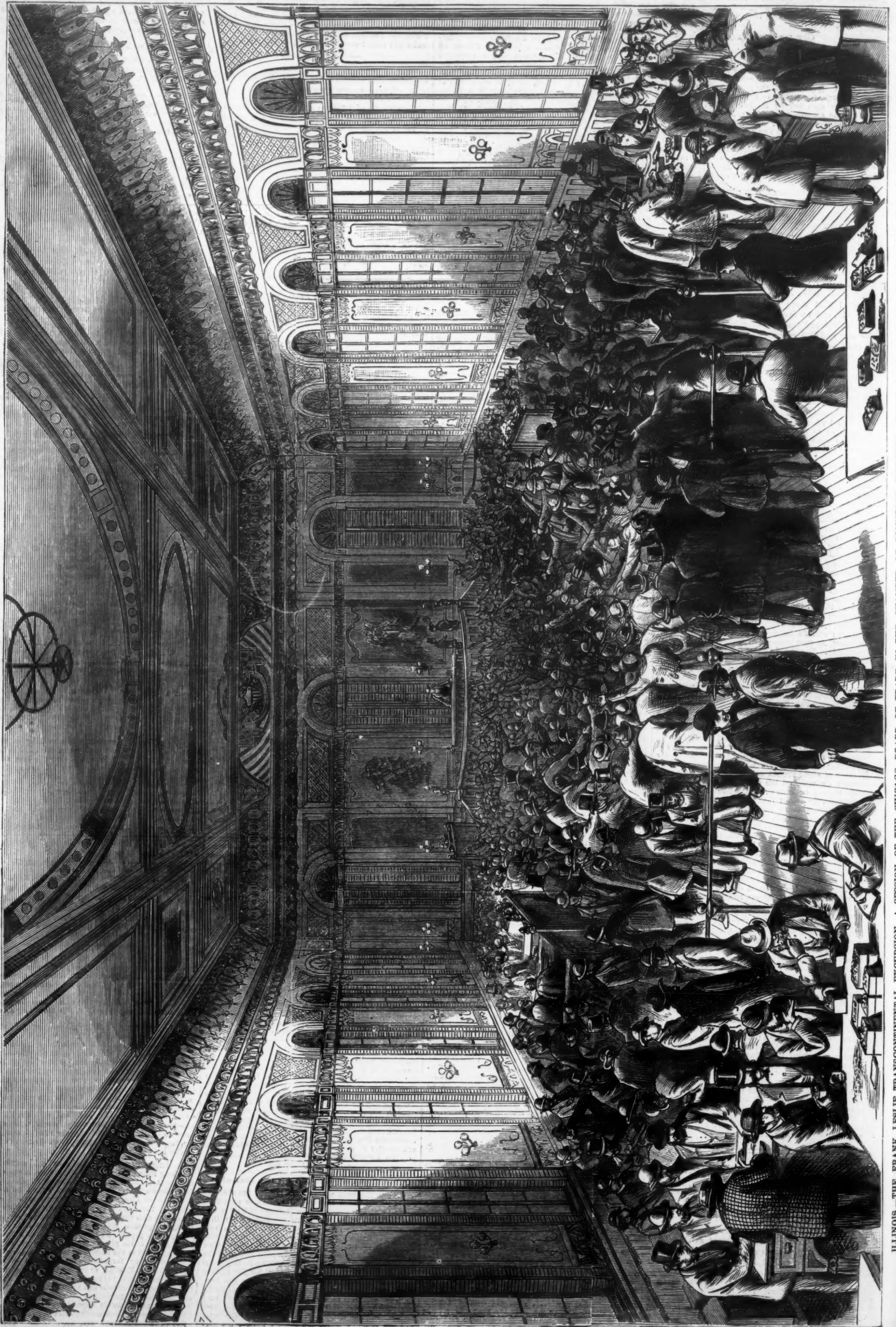
—A MAN in Austin, Nevada, did no work for nineteen years. This was in accordance with a solemn vow never to labor again. One day his resolution was overcome by his wife's arguments, and he went to work on a new building. What was the result? He fell from a scaffolding and was killed.

—IT was forty years on Wednesday, the 20th ult., since Her Majesty Queen Victoria succeeded to the Crown. Only four other sovereigns of England have reigned as long—namely, three kings, each of whom was the third of his name (Henry III., Edward III. and George III.) and Queen Elizabeth.

—A RECEPTION by the Sultan is spoken of as having groups of officers in the national costume dotted about the splendid hall, in attitudes of the deepest humility, their eyes cast down, their arms crossed, and taking care always to face the Sultan, wherever he might be. The highest officials carry themselves before him in the most abject manner, like crouching slaves.

—As a matter of information for our out-of-town readers intending to visit New York during the Summer, we desire to call attention to an agreeable spot which offers special attractions as an afternoon resort. Every hour a steamboat leaves the Battery for Governor's Island, where each evening for an hour and a half before sunset, the excellent post band gives an outdoor concert, which is followed by a dress parade participated in by the entire garrison. The fact is not generally known that all orderly persons are allowed to visit the island without hindrance, and what with the delicious trip both ways, the cool breezes, lovely view, shaded seats on the grassy parade, and the martial music and display, there is no more agreeable excitement available in this hot season.

—DECIDEDLY the most elegant and costly book resulting from our Centennial Exhibition, is the "Treasures of Art, Industry, and Manufacture," published by Clay, Conck & Co., of Buffalo, and edited by General C. B. Norton, Chief of the Press Department of the Centennial. This work is issued in twenty-five parts, each illustrated with two chromo-lithographic prints, the size being a large folio, printed in handsome style on first-class, heavy paper. We have been favored with a view of a number of the plates made for this work, and have been surprised at the admirable manner of their execution—comparing favorably with the best of similar publications in England, or on the Continent of Europe. The colors are rich, yet harmonious; the grouping of the objects chosen is artistic and tasteful in every instance; and the choice of subjects evinces a most discriminating judgment and excellent appreciation of the beautiful. The letter-press which accompanies the designs is fully up to the latter in excellence.



ILLINOIS.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION.—A SESSION OF THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE IN THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 355.



SCENE ON THE WHARF—LAYING IN PROVISIONS.



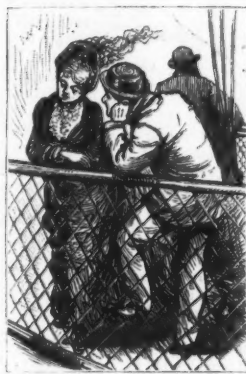
THE UNFAILING "LAST ONE."



THE TICKET LINE.



THE BOATS AT ALBANY.



THE INEVITABLE.



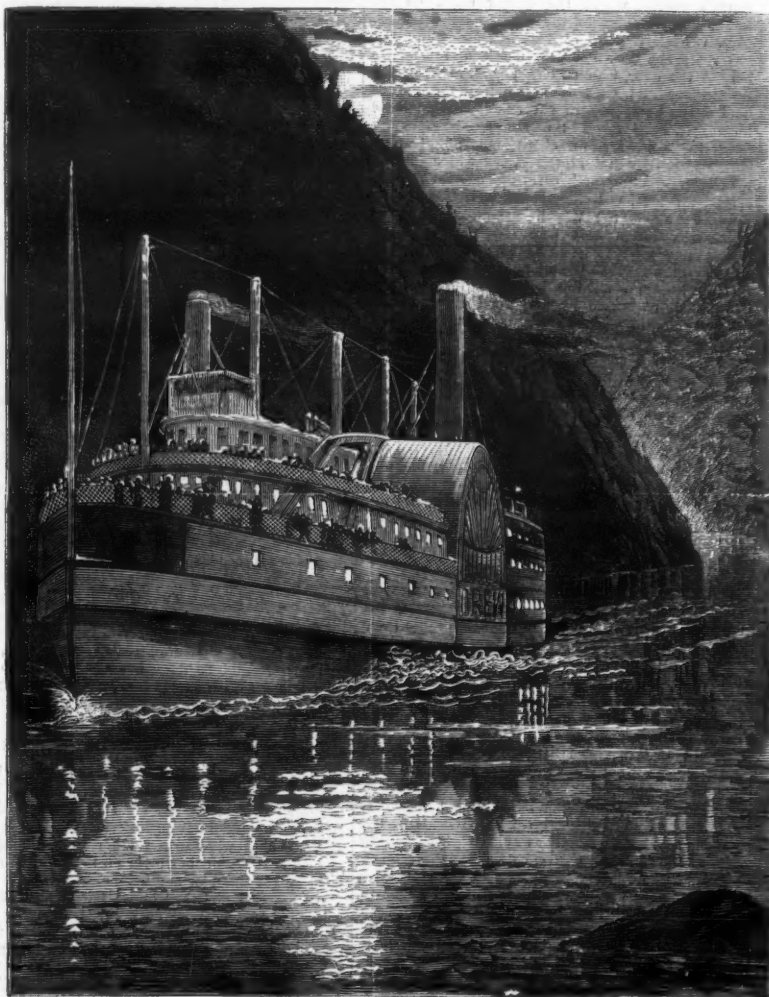
OFF FOR SARATOGA.



FOR THE SARATOGA MARKET.



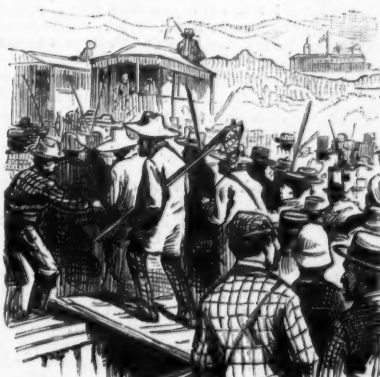
THE WEST POINT LANDING.



THE NIGHT-BOAT ON THE HUDSON.



"DON'T MAKE A GUY OF YOURSELF!"



OFF FOR THE CATSKILLS.



SCENE ON THE UPPER DECK.



A CHARACTER.



IN THE SHADE ON THE LOWER DECK.

NEW YORK.—THE SUMMER WATERING-PLACE SEASON—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON A HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOAT, EN ROUTE FOR THE CATSKILLS AND SARATOGA SPRINGS.—FROM SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 354.

ILLINOIS.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—A SESSION OF THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE IN THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 355.

POMPILIA.

I SAW last night Pompilia lean,
Low sighing, on her lover's heart
Yes, so I saw my life's dear queen,
And did not tear her arms apart,
Or still that lover's heart.

What way, what way, O God, is there
To right my wrong? What subtle way?
I would not that sweet woman spare
Whose face could turn Thy night to day,
Or even thy wrath away.

And yet, ah yet, I mind me now
What a frail, tender thing she is;
On him, then, Lord, let fall the blow,
And show me that I may not miss
Vengeance for every kiss.

To hurt him. How then shall it be!
My brain goes round. Thou dost not speak.
I suffer, but he still goes free,
And thinks me blind or passing meek—
A fool and weak.

I was so glad but yesterday
To think my love was all my own.
Her marvelous body hid away
From gaze of men; for me alone
Her flower of beauty blown.

She never loved me—so I think,
And soon will hate me. Be it so.
And yet, I shiver on the brink
Of justice for my wrong—and lo!
I waver to and fro.

If I do spare him, will she turn
Some day, some day, remembering me—
Will she then, like a tired child, yearn
Once more my face of love to see?
—How will it be?

I know not—oh, I know not, Lord;
The day goes on, the night will come;
And yet Thou hast not said a word.
My vengeance is not even begun.
I, and not they, lie here undone.

ADA VROOMAN LESLIE.

BEAUTIFUL AS AN ARCHANGEL.

BY BURKE O'FARRELL.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(CONTINUED).

AT the commencement of dinner, Father Molloy had been silent, shy and subdued. He had broken down ignominiously in the middle of his long Latin grace, in spite of the audible promptings of Captain Shaw, and "Go it, Johnny, 'tain't so hard now; you've knocked off the top rail!" from the same friendly quarter. After that he had been seized with an evident desire to occupy as little space as possible, and, indeed, had almost seemed on the point of disappearing altogether beneath the table; his other neighbor, being a stranger, was under the erroneous impression that he was a bashful young student, fresh from a monastery, and despised him accordingly. He blushed violently if Mr. Fiennes so much as glanced in his direction, and the cold perspiration, caused by nervous trepidation, stood on his ingenuous young face (which resembled that of a thoroughbred bull-terrier) at the approach of the servants, who, misunderstanding his rather confused answers to their polite queries in French, persisted in taking away his plate always before he had finished, or, indeed, in some cases before he had begun, so that he stood a fair chance of getting nothing at all in the midst of abundance. Moreover, they courteously insisted on plying him with every variety of wine, so that he was puzzled to death to know which glass to present of all the small collection by his side, and more than once he went the round of the whole lot before he came to the right one. "Arrah! which is it you want, then?" said he, at last, as his temper began to rise. "Take it yourself, man; for it's myself as doesn't know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels!"

But, as the fumes of the wine mounted upwards, Pat's naturally lively and pugnacious spirit got in the ascendant again; he quickly recovered the use of his tongue, and, by the time the cloth was removed, his laugh was the loudest and his voice the most dictatorial in the room; the stranger on the left-hand side began to open his eyes in amazement.

"By the powers, this is the stuff to make your hair curl, boys!" said he, smacking his lips and winking at Captain Shaw over a glass of old tawny port. Shaw and he were inseparable. Shaw had been kicked out of his regiment for lying, so it was said; but then the world is so ill-natured. He had an invisible wife, who had been a barmaid, and who never showed up. Most people took him for a gay bachelor. "Arrah! just listen to my compatriot across there, old Barney O'Reilly," continued Father Molloy. "Isn't he drawing the long bow, the old black-guard! Faix! he's had as much as is good for him!"

"So have you, Johnny," said Shaw. "If you don't shut up soon you'll never have the face to give us any more of your thunderin' sermons against drunkenness."

"Don't be sayin' that again, Captain Shaw," said his reverence, with dignity, "or I'll have to be after callin' ye out, in spite of our long and tinder friendship. Oh, whist, man! murder an' hold yer tongue!" continued he, hastily. "There's Mither Fiennes lookin' this way, an' I'd not like to have him scandalized by hearin' you spoken so disrespectful to yer praste, ye black, benighted haythen, ye! O'Halloran, pass that decanter, me boy, an' don't dhrink anything more the night, if it isn't wather, or I'll denounce ye from the altar next Sunday. Captain O'Reilly, I know it isn't the fashion, but it'll give me sincere pleasure to take wine wid a fellow-countryman."

"Be quiet, Johnny, or I'll have to be after takin' you home," said Shaw. "Don't you see the poor devil's in a mortal funk? He thinks you're going to turn him into a hare. Did you ever hear him tell that story of the hare, O'Halloran?"

"No."

"Faix, thin, I'll jist be tellin' it you meself!" and he did so.

"Faix, he's a murderin' scoundrel, if iver there was one!" said Father Molloy. "But I can tell you a tale worth two o' that—one I heard from Moriarty the other day when I was over in Cork. You remember Moriarty, Shaw, who was in the cold regiment when I was chaplain to ye at Rathgarret?"

"Rayther," answered Shaw. "He was a pretty bird. But the women made all his misfortunes."

"Ay, good luck to 'em, the darlins!" said his reverence. "Well, the regiment was in hut-barracks somewhere in the South on account of the Faynian riots, and the O'Reilleys were down there, too, flacin' all the boys who were green enough to be caught, and living like cat-and-dog in private, as usual. Moriarty an' our friend yonder were uncommon thick—used to go out together night after night, and didn't come home till mornin', my boys, till daylight did appear; what's more, they weren't alone, though the less said about their company the better, especially the faymable portion of it. Well, one night the captain had promised faithfully to take his wife to the theatre, in a fit of penitence, after bein' drunk an' sleepin' all night in the street; that is, he would have slept in the street, for Moriarty had sent him home in a wheelbarrow, an' the men wanting their barrow, an' Mrs. O'Reilly calling out of the top window that she would not let him in, they had laid him nately in the gutter, and left him there; but the police, coming by, helped him quickly off to the lock-up. Well, atter that, as I've mentioned, he swore he'd reform an' quit the society of that blackguard, Moriarty, and by the same token he promised to go with Mrs. O'R. to the play, an' to be in punctually by eight o'clock. So she dresses herself up jist killin' me boys, ye may believe! with an eye to the officers, an' sits waitin' for the faithless captain. Eight o'clock comes—no Barney. Nine o'clock—says she, in a rage, 'We'll have to be goin' in at half-price, now!' ten—no Barney; eleven, twelve—devil a bit does the captain show up. Thin she gets up—I lave you to think in what state o' mind—puts on her bonnet, and goes down to Moriarty's lodgings. The girl was settin' up for them, as sleepy as may be, and wishin' them in Heaven, no doubt, like Mrs. O'Reilly. But there was nobody in Moriarty's rooms, where the supper stood on the table, laid for four, an' the plates on the fender. Mrs. O'Reilly goes in to wait, an' while she sits there she sees a big shillelah o' Moriarty's behind the door, which gives her an idea; so she takes it up and goes out again into the garden before the house, where she stands behind some bushes looking down the street. She hadn't long to wait, for in about ten minutes up comes O'Reilly and Moriarty, ach wid a girl on his arm, chaffin' an' carrying on their nonsense; an' Mrs. O'Reilly could hear the captain laughing about the way he'd sold her. However, they laugh best who laugh last, an' he was pretty soon to sing to another tune; for, directly they reached the gate, Mrs. O'Reilly fell on her husband an' the faymable wid him, and gave them both such a hearty good larrupin' wid Moriarty's shillelah that the captain was black and blue for three weeks after; an' the women they took to their heels, shouting blue murder and Feynians till the whole quarter was raised, an' the military came running out in their shirts and trousers, with their swords drawn an' their bugles sounding an alarm at the street corners!"

At this moment Mr. Fiennes's valet entered the room with a mysterious air, and, making his way through the groups of gentlemen, lounging about in a manner that attracted some attention, he went up to his master.

"Well," said Mr. Fiennes, breaking off in his conversation with the duke and Northcote Smythe, "what do you want?"

"If you please, sir," said Symonds, glancing uneasily at the two gentlemen, and sinking his voice in a way that could not fail to arouse their curiosity—"there is a young person waiting to see you below in the library."

"Well, you must say that I'm engaged," said Mr. Fiennes, frowning haughtily. "You ought to have told him so at once, instead of coming here to disturb me."

"But, sir," persisted Symonds, respectfully, "I did tell her so, but she will not go away; she says she must see you."

"It is a woman, then!" said Mr. Fiennes, glancing at Lord Kingstown and the M. F. H., who had turned discreetly away, though Northcote Smythe was on the *qui vive*, with his ears stretched to their fullest extent.

"Yes, sir, a young woman—perhaps I ought to say a lady," returned the valet. "She has been here once before, and I believe she said her name was Peacock, though I could scarcely catch it through her thick veil."

Mr. Fiennes reddened with annoyance—Mr. Northcote Smythe, who had heard every word, thought it was from another cause—and, pushing away his plate, on which he had been peeling a pear, with a gesture of some impatience, he rose from the table.

"Gentlemen," said he, courteously, "will you excuse me? I shall not be away five minutes," and left the room.

In the hall, Michael turned round to speak to his valet. "Sir," said he, "I find you both clumsy and impertinent; you will leave my service to-morrow."

Symonds bowed. He had known perfectly well what would happen, but had counted both his gains and losses.

In the dining-room the gentleman sat and talked. Five minutes passed; half an hour, an hour, and still their host did not return. Then Northcote Smythe smiled to himself.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—GRAVE AND SERENE, WITH LIGHTNING IN HIS EYES.

AT ten o'clock the carriages began to drive up. Madame La Duchesse d'O., with Lady Diana Charteris, followed by Lady Aylesford and the Craven party, were, of course, the first to arrive.

The little duchess went into ecstasies over the ball-room.

"Did I not tell you it would be princely, Diana?" exclaimed she, clapping her hands in rapture. "Ah! what floors; they rival those at Versailles, and make my feet to go already. *Regardez! ma chère*, we see ourselves reflected in them as in a mirror. Then what superb decorations; what hangings; what charming flowers, and the conservatory illumined with little Chinese lamps like fireflies amongst the creeping plants and exotics of an Indian forest. *En vérité*, 'tis a true fairyland, and you are the prince, M. de Fiennes, the enchanter, who, by a wave of your wand, have created so much magnificence. Ah! Diana, *ma belle*, truly you are happy to have won this king of the golden mines, who surely must be the heir of M. Mammon, whom *Faust* saw on the Walpurgis night watching over all the treasures of earth in the Hartz Mountains."

Mr. Fiennes smiled.

"I am glad you are pleased with my arrangements, duchess, since you have deigned to accept the part of mistress at Fiennes Court to-night," said he.

"I wish it was not for to-night, but for ever," returned the duchess; and Mr. Fiennes, who alone saw the look that accompanied the words, and read their secret significance aright, bowed gravely, with a slightly heightened color in his handsome, bearded face.

He had been looking anxious and annoyed ever since the little episode that had occurred after dinner, and took the first opportunity before the other guests arrived to draw Lady Diana aside.

"Come with me a moment, darling—I want to speak to you," said he; and, drawing her arm within his—that beautiful white, rounded arm which might have rivaled Anne of Austria's—he led her away to the picture-gallery, where they might talk in peace for a few minutes.

Lady Diana was looking gloriously lovely to-night—beautiful almost beyond imagination. She was dressed simply in rich white silk, covered with shadowy festoons of priceless Bruxelles lace, and wore that magnificent diamond *parure*, of which we have spoken—the gift of her betrothed husband—which, by its surpassing brilliancy, seemed to illumine the gloomy old oaken corridors as she passed along.

"Guess who I had here to-night, Diana," said Mr. Fiennes, in a vexed tone.

"I cannot say, dearest," she answered, tenderly; "but I could see that you were annoyed about something, directly I entered the room."

"Do you study my face, then, so earnestly, darling?" he said, smiling.

"Of course I do," she answered, glancing up at his dark, handsome features, with passionate love; "are you not soon to be my lord and master?"

"Certainly, please God, darling," he replied, bending down to kiss her forehead; and then they passed into the picture-gallery, where the vast chandeliers dimly illumined the solitary space, and their footfalls woke a strangely lonely echo as they paced the cold polished floor in earnest converse.

Suddenly Lady Diana broke off in the midst of a sentence, with an exclamation of horror. "Good heavens, Michael, what is that?" and she pointed to the floor at her feet, where the stains of blood were perfectly visible, looking a ghastly dark red.

For half a moment the sight startled even Mr. Fiennes himself, but he quickly recovered, and turned it off with a laugh.

"Oh!" said he, lightly, "I remember now, those are the blood-stains my ancient housekeeper wanted me to come and look at to-day; but I was too much engaged."

"Oh, Michael, you don't mean to say that these are the blood-stains—the blood-stains that—that—that dreadful tradition is attached to?" and she clung to him, all white and trembling.

"The very same," he answered, smiling; "but surely, my love, my life, you don't attach the shadow of importance to such an old woman's superstition. Why, Diana, what does this mean?" for she had thrown herself passionately into his arms and was weeping hysterically on his breast.

"My darling, my darling, don't cry so; why, this is absurd!" and he drew her wet face up to his, kissing her with ineffable love, and smoothing her shining hair caressingly with his tender hands.

"Come, Diana, I never would have believed that you could have been so foolish."

"Take me away, Michael—take me away!" was all that she could murmur; so, half-carrying, half-leading, he conducted her to a charming little boudoir, whither he quickly summoned Madame La Duchesse and Lady Aylesford.

A glass of wine soon set her to rights again, and she sat beside her lover on the sofa, with her head on his shoulder and her hands locked in his.

"I am very foolish, I know, Michael," said she, caressing his sweeping dark beard with her lips; "but you must forgive me. I love you so much that the bare thought of any harm happening to you is like death to me."

"Our lives are in the hands of God, darling," he answered gravely, "and I pray that He may give us many happy years together; yet it is none the less true that with me, as with other men, there is but one step between life and death."

"Do not speak of it," she answered, shuddering; "and yet," continued she, with a strange smile, "why should I so fear death? It is but separation I dread, and the grave could not divide us; for your death-warrant would be mine also. I could not live without you, Michael!" and her arms stole round his neck with an indescribable gesture of clinging, confiding love, as she pressed her sweet lips to his own in a long, fond kiss.

Michael thought of his impending duel, and for a moment he asked himself had he any right to risk the life that was so closely bound up with another's? To do him justice, however, it was but for a moment. He knew that any other arrangement was impossible, and the happiness even of an earthly heaven with her would be too dearly paid for at the price of a pusillanimous retreat. So he kissed her fondly, murmuring to himself, as he looked into the depths of her liquid blue eyes:

"I could not love thee half so well, loved I not honor more."

This did not prevent him, however, from making up his mind to sell his life as dearly as possible; and in the depths of his heart he had not much

fear of the result of the meeting. He had the most perfect confidence in his own skill and coolness, and thought it would not be difficult to place *hors de combat*, and so force terms from a man like Rakewell Fiennes, whose arm and nerve must be weakened and rendered unsteady by long habits of drunkenness and debauchery.

"Besides," thought Michael, with noble confidence, "God will defend the right. He will not allow a man who came into my house in cold blood, and met my offer of friendship with gross and unprovoked insults, to rob me of the life that He has promised to crown with so much joy. Ah! no. I have more faith in the justice and mercy of Heaven than to believe such a thing possible."

In a few minutes Mr. Fiennes asked his betrothed wife if she was well enough to return to the ballroom.

"Ah! yes, Michael," she sighed, reluctantly; "only don't let me go near that dreadful gallery again. Somehow or another I cannot shake off the feeling that came over me at that sight—I was always superstitious."

"*Comme toutes les âmes poétiques*," quoted Mr. Fiennes, archly.

"Don't laugh at me so, Michael! And then I have heard so many tales about those bloodstains. Indeed, indeed, Michael, it may be an unaccountable fact, but it is nevertheless true, that whenever they do appear like—like that, the phenomenon is followed by some terrible event."

"But even if such is the case," said Michael, smiling, "why should you believe that the warning affects me rather than my kinsman, Rakewell Fiennes? And, indeed, now I come to think of it," he added, dropping his voice, while the smile became rather sad, "it is scarcely likely that the death-sign of the Fienneses would deign to appear on my account. No, no, darling; depend upon it, Rakewell is the doomed man."

Lady Diana scarcely noticed the tone of mockery, so eagerly did she seize on the idea.

"You are right," said she, almost reassured. "I wonder I never thought of that before;" and then they returned together to the ball-room, which was rapidly beginning to fill; and Mr. Fiennes, with her ladyship still resting on his arm, was soon moving about on hospitable cares intent, as he helped Madame La Duchesse to receive her guests.

Carriage after carriage was driving up, and every minute some fresh party of elegantly dressed women and highbred men entered the splendid *salon*. London, in the midst of a full season, seemed to have emptied itself on Mr. Fiennes's account for this one evening, and the ball did fair to be the most brilliant affair ever chronicled in the annals of the country; at least since the days when royalty had deigned to grace the halls of Fiennes.

"To the sumptuous banquet came, Every knight and every dame,"

said Lord Addington, not thinking, at the moment, that the subject from which his quotation was taken was scarcely a happy one. "My dear Michael, you have robbed May Fair and St. James of their brightest ornaments to-night."

And indeed the vast glass plateaux and panels, reaching up to the lofty and blazoned ceiling, painted in the Italian style, reflected back a most dazzling scene, in which living billows of filmy lace and trailing satin, gleaming gems and shadowy tulle, mingled with the sober costumes of the gentlemen, as they floated around in a delicious maze, to the strains of the last Bulgarian waltz.

Then followed the Krakovienne which Mr. Fiennes danced with Madame La Duchesse d'O., and another waltz which he danced with the new Duchess of Kingstown; after that, as the duchess had set her heart on a cotillon, Mr. Fiennes claimed Lady Diana's hand, and the dancers began to take their places.

At this moment a loud noise was heard outside, as of a violent scuffle, accompanied by the sound of blows, shouts, and oaths uttered in a coarse, brutal voice, mingled with cries of "Help! help!" and the shuffling of many feet.

The dancers paused in the act of commencing, the music went on unheeded, and every one stared about or questioned each other with significant glances; for Northcote Smythe and Captain Vaughan had been indefatigable in relating the little episode that had occurred after dinner, with their own comments and deductions, and everybody knew the history, which had, of course, lost nothing in its transmission.

"*Mon Dieu!* but what can be the matter?" exclaimed Madame La Duchesse, clapping her hands. Lady Diana looked up at her promised husband inquiringly; her hand was resting on his arm, so she had no fear.

"What is it, darling?" she whispered, pressing it fondly as she crept closer to his side.

"I cannot tell," said he, "but let me go and see, Diana." But before he could stir a heavy fall was heard, and then a groan.

"Hang 'e, take that, then!" shouted the same excited voice. "I tell 'e I'll go in, whether or no; Ole 'Arry hisself 'udn't prevent me, much less you; get out, then—keep clear, I say, or you'll get some o' yer confounded 'ends broken." After that there was a final struggle; two of the footmen went spinning against the wall, and then a short, thick-set man, with a red woollen comforter knotted round his bull-neck, his hair hanging over his bloodshot eyes, and a coarse bloated face, distorted by drunken fury, burst into the *salon*; his nose was bleeding, his clothes torn, and his whole aspect was excited and threatening; the ladies screamed, some began to think of fainting, but their curiosity prevailed over their terror, and the gentlemen crowded round, silent, but with sufficiently significant looks at each other.

Mr. Fiennes stepped forward, pale and menacing. "Who are you, sir?" said he haughtily. "And how dare you force your way in here, making this disturbance?"

"Oh! you be Mr. Fiennes, be you—the *honor-able* master o' this 'ere 'ouse?" said the brawny prizefighter, measuring Michael's tall, powerful form with his eye.

"Certainly I am, and—"

"Well, my name's Paycock, an' I'm come to

risk the life that was so closely bound up with another's? To do him justice, however, it was but for a moment. He knew that any other arrangement was impossible, and the happiness even of an earthly heaven with her would be too dearly paid for at the price of a pusillanimous retreat. So he kissed her fondly, murmuring to himself, as he looked into the depths of her liquid blue eyes:

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find my wife," returned that worthy. "Gen'l'm an' ladies," continued he, casting his intoxicated eyes round the assembly with a cunning leer, half insolent, half fawning—"gen'l'm an' ladies, I lays my case before 'er; I'm rough but honest; I was onc't the Kilkenny Bruiser, though an Englishman, an' used to the 'ighest society in the land. This 'ere foin' gent as calls hisself a honorable man 'ave bin an' seduced my wife, an' got a billegitimate son by 'er, an' she's under this werry roof at this moment."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Peacock," said Mr. Fiennes, with terrible calmness. "I have not seduced your wife, and she is not here."

"If she hain't 'ere now she 'ave bin," said Mr. Peacock, brutally.

"That is perfectly true, she has been," returned Mr. Fiennes.

Meanwhile the guests stood huddled together in a terrified crowd, pale and frightened, yet devoured with curiosity.

"Throw him out of the window, Fiennes," said the Duke of Kingston; "every one can see that he is drunk."

"No, no, let him be; he is not drunk at all; and it's only just that we should hear what he has to say," put in another voice.

Captain O'Reilly, having recognized Mr. Peacock, immediately had placed himself as much in the background as possible, but still he could hear and see everything.

"This is not a scene for virtuous women to witness," said Northcote Smythe, aloud, and drawing his wife's arm authoritatively within his, he left the room. "Call my carriage instantly," said he to one of the gaping servants.

Mr. Vaughan took Lady Cecilia, and Captain Vaughan followed with his sister Carry.

"Duke, are you not coming, too?" said he, in passing.

"Certainly not," returned his grace, very coldly; "it is my opinion that we owe it to our noble host to remain. Still, I agree with you that the ladies had best withdraw. Madame la Duchesse d'O., will you oblige me by taking charge of my wife? The conservatory is empty."

"Pardon, M. le Duc," said the duchess, "but I will remain by my old friend. I have no fear of contamination."

Lady Diana, firm as a rock, serene and perfectly self-possessed, met all the glances, pitying, scornful and curious, that were directed towards her, with a calm, unflinching hauteur, before which all eyes fell. It was evident that she had entire faith and confidence in the loyalty and innocence of her affianced husband.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Fiennes, turning towards his guests, and raising his voice with an air of noble and courtly authority that carried all before it, while his penetrating eyes, calm in the midst of that scene of confusion, yet dark with suppressed lightning, arrested the steps of those who were hastening to follow the example of the Vaughans and Northcote Smythes—"Gentlemen, I beg that, in justice to myself, you will all remain in my house until this scandal has been explained."

A great number of people, however, had already left, horrified that the pure ears of their wives and daughters should drink in the sound of such black iniquities. Mrs. Craven was of course the loudest in virtuous condemnation, and the first to order her carriage. Mr. Fiennes let her go. The Marquis and Marchioness of Aylesford both remained to support Lady Diana, although the marquis was in despair at such a horrible *escalandre*.

It was the hour of Miss Skinner's triumph. The sound of departing carriage-wheels alone broke the ominous stillness that for a moment had fallen on the room; the doors of the *salons* were still wide open, half the guests had flown, and the other half remained, looking white and scared, while the servants, both foreign and English, hung about, frightened and inquisitive, wondering what the scene could be all about. Mr. Fiennes did not dismiss them, so they remained where they were.

"Now, sir!" said Mr. Fiennes, turning to the man Peacock, who was standing in the middle of the floor, feeling rather cowed and uncomfortable in spite of himself, though he tried to keep up his air of bullying insolence, "you say that your wife has been my mistress, and that I have an illegitimate son by her; pray, sir, do you know the name by which that son calls himself?"

"Certainly I does," replied the ex-fancy pet, who had very much the appearance of a prisoner at the bar being interrogated by his judge; "e calls 'isself Claude La Touche; 'e's a lieutenant in the R'y'l h'Artillery, an' I will say as you does 'im 'andsome, for 'e's a regular young sprig o' the h'aristocracy."

"Then you have seen him?" said Mr. Fiennes, coldly.

"Rayther: 'e's at my 'ouse now; 'e allus comes arter 'is mother when 'e's cleaned 'out, I promise 'e; an' I know 'e's lost a sight o' money on the Doncaster!"

"How old do you suppose Mr. La Touche is?" asked Mr. Fiennes, disregarding the last part of Mr. Peacock's sentence.

"Five or six-and-twenty, I 'spose," answered the man, "or thereabouts."

"Five or six-and-twenty," replied Mr. Fiennes, quietly. "Well, I am just forty-one; so that, according to your own account, Mr. Peacock, I must have been a father at fifteen; rather young to be so vicious, don't you think?"

Mr. Peacock looked somewhat disconcerted. "Well, if 'e ain't your son, who is 'e, then?" said he, doggedly, "an' why does my wife come to your 'ouse in this underhand way?"

"That is what you might have easily learned before, Mr. Peacock, by asking me quietly, instead of rousing my whole household and making this disturbance," replied Mr. Fiennes, sternly. "Mr. La Touche is my natural brother; I have never seen him in my life, and have never held any intercourse with him further than by supporting him, and occasionally paying his debts through his mother. This evening Mrs. Peacock came to me, with tears in her eyes, to beg for five or six hundred pounds to keep him from a debtor's prison. If you want proofs of what I assert, you are welcome to them. Dierckx, come here."

The faithful Polish courier entered, and Mr. Fiennes whispered a few words in his ear. He then departed, and in a few minutes returned, carrying a drawer full of papers which had evidently just been taken from a cabinet. Mr. Fiennes selected an old letter, yellow with age, and the ink of which was half faded.

"Gentlemen," said he, "and ladies also, since you have been noble and generous enough to brave the censure of the world, and remain to hear the end of this distressing affair, I am about to read to you a letter which, six years ago, was found among my father's papers after his death. I shall be grateful if you will give me your attention for a few moments. Nothing but a matter of sheer necessity would ever have induced me to reveal this secret, which I feel casts a slur on my father's memory; but the necessity has come, and for the sake of one who is dearer to me than my own life—here he took Lady Diana's hand in his and raised it reverently to his lips—"I feel that it is a simple act of justice to clear my honor from the foul imputation that has been cast upon it."

He then unfolded the document and read it from beginning to end, in a clear, firm, sonorous voice, that was distinctly audible through the whole long suite of rooms.

(To be continued.)

THE SITUATION ON THE RIO GRANDE.

OWING to the earnest and repeated considerations given by President Hayes's Cabinet to the Mexican question, a more than usual attention has been directed to the borders of the Rio Grande. The public, remembering the audacious raids of the great bandit, Cortina, and the lesser ones of professional cattle-thieves, have looked upon these Cabinet discussions and the orders communicated to General Ord, the Federal commander in Texas, with a distorted vision. And even the reports of amicable interviews between the Federal and Mexican generals have not had the effect of lessening the suspicion that an organized invasion of the Mexican States, lying just below the Rio Grande, was seriously contemplated by the United States authorities.

It is well-known that the Cabinet is in favor of a vigorous policy, but there is no foundation for the assumption that that policy has a bearing upon anything but the protection of the frontier from raids from either side. There may be some truth in the assertion that steps are in progress in Texas for an expedition hostile to Mexico, the remote object being the acquisition of valuable gold and silver mines; but there is no reason to believe that the United States Government is encouraging, by the slightest action, any such undertaking. It is true our troops are now in the habit of crossing the river. There is no alarming significance in this. Before the Modoc War drew him from the Department of Texas, Lieutenant-Colonel Mackenzie frequently chased cattle-thieves and freebooters to and on Mexican soil.

The only new phase the question has assumed of late is the authority given General Ord to pursue thieves over, and even a reasonable distance beyond, the river; and the authority is based upon the avowed inability of the Mexican authorities to suppress the raids, and, upon the understanding that none but Federal troops shall be sent over, is sanctioned by them as the best method of abating the evil.

Alarmists, however, have attempted to abstract sensational nutriment from the splendid dash of Lieutenant Bullis, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, who, on the 29th of June, chased a party of Indians from Gillespie County, between the Pecos and Rio Grande Rivers, in Texas, to the Rio Grande, crossed it and attacked them in a mountain fastness. To show the caution of General Ord, and his indisposition to precipitate a conflict between the troops of both countries, he telegraphed that there was no necessity of continuing to follow the trail, but that Lieutenant Bullis and Lieutenant-Colonel Shafter should look close for the trail made by the party that raided on the Neuces.

From time to time there have been serious charges of offenses committed by Mexican people and officials against citizens of the United States, but such cases, it is thought, may be better settled by diplomacy than by the crossing of swords.

By the conditions of the agreement between General Ord, of the Federal Army, and General Trevino, of the Mexican troops, our soldiers will be sent across the border whenever it is possible to capture outlaws hailing from either country; and this without prejudicing the friendly relations existing between the two Governments.

Our illustration depicts a recent raid from the Mexican side, which furnished the occasion for one of the "invasions of Mexican soil by United States soldiers," so excitingly narrated of late.

Training Canaries.

CANARIES show a great aptitude for tricks, sometimes learning to do many amusing and difficult things, and also to sing tunes very well. They soon come to know their masters and mistresses, and will often follow them about. An English gentleman had a canary for several years which never was kept in a cage, and in Summer was always flying out to the gate or down the road to meet its master, perching on his finger, nestling in his bosom, or, best of all, clinging in his hair, where it was completely happy; at the same time, only one other person in the house would it allow to touch it, resenting any attempt at familiarity with the fiercest anger. At last, however, the bold little fellow got bewildered in a sudden dense fog and was lost. Canaries can live out of doors in our climate very well in Summer, and sometimes join the families of wild birds; but their house-bred constitutions can scarcely stand the cold of Winter, and escaped birds probably all perish before the Spring. They are very affectionate little creatures, always prefer companions, and will make friends even with their natural enemies. A fancier in London had a cat which, with her kittens, would eat out of the canaries' dish in the bird-room, and never thought of harming them, while the birds seemed to enjoy Tabby's society. To tame birds and train them to perform tricks are two very different things. Any one may do the first, by constant, quiet kindness, endless attention and patience. Accustom the bird to your presence, and let it understand that, whatever you do about it, nothing is intended for its terror or harm. This learned, teaching it to perch on your finger, or come to your whistle and call is only a matter of time and gentle patience. Some

odd tricks may be taught them if they are enterprising; but different birds differ very greatly in their ability to learn as well as in their natural talents and dispositions; but the astonishing exploits of "performing birds," which are exhibited about the country, are all taught to them by a cruel course of lessons. The Germans often teach young birds tunes and the songs of other birds, but the operation is a slow and tedious one, and the result not very satisfactory.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Remarkable Well in England.—Recently Mr. Chas. Edwards, of Hugmore Farm, near Wrexham, commenced to sink a well within a couple of yards of his house. After sinking through the surface soil he got into a solid bed of clay, through which he sank over ten yards; and while the man was still at work the water burst in about four yards above his head, and he had to escape as rapidly as possible. The well filled in a very short space of time, and then ran over in a regular stream, bringing with it a large quantity of quicksand. Every effort has been made to stop it, but hitherto without avail. The removal of the sand has caused a subsidence of the ground on which the house and part of the out-buildings stand, rendering them uninhabitable, and they will have to be rebuilt. A large staff of men have been engaged in filling the well with large stones embedded in hydraulic cement, but this proved of no avail and the torrent still makes on.

The Radiometer as a Delicate Thermometer.—Professor Buff has been making some comparative researches on the radiometer and thermopile. The two instruments were placed side by side in the cone of light admitted through an aperture of a board from a gas-lamp which could easily be regulated and kept constant for some minutes. On tabulating the deflections of the galvanometer connected with the thermopile and the rotations of the little wheel, it appears that their product is very nearly a constant number, warranting the inference that the velocity of rotation of the little wheel is inversely proportional to the heat-action of the ray of light. This confirms the view that the turning of the radiometer is due to an action of heat rays which penetrate the glass. The radiometer is a special form of thermometer applicable to certain heat rays of the solar spectrum, but is in no sense a measure of the mechanical force of light. The instrument can, however, be used as a photometer, as all of the light rays cause the vane to revolve at a rate proportional to the heat they emit.

Reports of the Commissioners of the United States to the International Exhibition, held at Vienna in 1873.—The Secretary of State, by authority of Congress, has caused the reports of the Commissioners who were sent to Vienna to be published, under the able editorial management of Professor Robert H. Thurston, of the Stevens Institute of Technology. The work is in four volumes, octavo, with plates. As a rule this sort of literature is prepared in a very perfunctory manner. It is pleasant to represent a government at a foreign court, and to have a free admission to all of the receptions and displays of a great International Exhibition, and a majority of the Commissioners on such occasions do not stop to inquire whether they disgrace themselves or the appointing Power the more by their ignorance and incompetency. The time of retribution is sure to come when the reports of such officials are published, and the incompetents naturally put off the evil day as long as possible. We imagine that Professor Thurston used the editorial privilege of shaping the documents to suit a logical whole, and that he "killed" a number of the efforts of Commissioners, rather than to perpetuate the Vienna scandal in print. Considering the difficulty of the case, and the character of some of the material furnished, Professor Thurston is entitled to great credit for the skill he has displayed in giving us a good deal of interesting and valuable matter.

The Onondaga Salt Springs.—The whole amount of salt inspected on the Onondaga Salt Springs reservation, in and near the City of Syracuse, during the year 1876 was 5,392,677 bushels of 56 pounds each. Of this quantity 3,083,998 bushels have been produced in the fine salt works by artificial heat, and 2,308,679 bushels in the coarse salt works by solar evaporation. Large as this amount is, it has been exceeded at Saginaw, where, during the past year, the product has swollen to the enormous sum of 8,000,000 bushels. So long as Saginaw continues to be the centre of a great lumber trade, so long will she be a menacing competitor of Syracuse. The refuse of her saw-mills alone is estimated to be sufficient for the annual manufacture of 12,000,000 bushels of salt. This refuse would be totally valueless for any other use than as fuel, and hence the great advantages possessed by the Saginaw companies. This advantage is, in a measure, compensated for by the fact that the Michigan brines have to be pumped from great depths, and they are so impure as to require expensive methods of purification. The State of New York originally paid \$11,000 to the Indians for the Syracuse salt reservation, coupled with an annuity of \$700 and an annual gift of 150 bushels salt, in perpetuity. The lessees of the Springs have paid to the State \$5,000,000 in the shape of duties. Since 1797 there has been derived from the salt wells 250,000,000 bushels, to which must be added 50,000,000 lost by leakage and bad management, and we have a grand total of 300,000,000 bushels.

Scientific Expedition around the World.—The preliminary announcement of a scientific expedition around the world has just reached us, in which we note the following points: A first class steamer of a thousand tons burden, fitted with state-rooms, saloons for study, work, lectures, etc., and provided with steam-launches, life-boats and armament, is to be chartered by an association of ten naturalists, mathematicians, physicists, chemists, etc., and to be commanded by experienced officers, with a trained crew. The number of students is limited to eighty, and, as the vessel will carry no cargo, their accommodations will be commodious, and there will be ample room for the storage of extensive collections in natural history as well as for laying in a rich supply of provisions of all kinds. Preliminary work and training will commence as soon as possible after the vessel leaves New York. The route proposed is as follows: Leave New York in July, 1877; touch at the Bahamas, Tortugas and Havana; thence to the mouth of the Amazon, where time will be given for explorations inland; thence to the Straits of Magellan, touching at Rio, Montevideo and the Falkland Islands; to Valparaiso, to recruit and receive letters from home; thence westward, touching at several of the Polynesian Islands, and on to Australia. It is proposed to do some original work by crossing the northern part of Borneo from the east to the west side, visiting the great lake and high table-lands which are supposed to be there. Thence to the Sooloo group, which is unknown scientifically. The parts of the Philippines visited will be mainly those unexplored and promising great novelties in natural history. From Manila to Hong Kong and Canton; thence to Takao, on the southwest of Formosa, down the China Sea to Singapore, from whence excursions will be made to Malacca, Sumatra and Java; to Calcutta, Ceylon, Bombay, Aden, Suez Canal, Alexandria, Holy Land, Cyprus, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Naples, Rome, Venice, Havre, London, the Azores, back to New York. The voyage will occupy two years, and the distance to be traveled is estimated at 50,000 miles. Further information can be obtained of James O. Woodruff, Indianapolis, Ind.; Professor W. L. B. Jenney, Portland Block, Chicago, Ill.; or of Professor J. B. Steere, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY will canvass Colorado for woman suffrage in the Fall.

PROF. HUXLEY's daughter has been awarded the first prize in the University of London.

A SCHOLARSHIP of \$10,000 has just been given to Vassar College by Dr. McDonald, of California.

QUEEN VICTORIA sent a wreath of white roses to be placed on the coffin of the Queen of the Netherlands.

MISS ADA SWEET has filed a bond of \$500,000 for the due performance of her duties as pension agent at Chicago.

CLARA MORRIS's Summer residence, "The Pines," on the Hudson, is described as picturesque as well as elegant.

The Rothschilds, it is alleged, have informed the British Government that, in an emergency, they could advance \$25,000,000.

MADAME CELINE CHAUMONT is pronounced by the London Times to be the most versatile, comic, capricious and finished of modern actresses.

ADMIRAL CONSTANTIN CANARIS, President of the new Greek Cabinet, ranks with such aged and vigorous men as Thiers and Gortschakoff. He counts 87 years.

MRS. HELEN BLAKE recently died in England leaving an estate of \$75,000, but no will. The next of kin are supposed to be settled in the Eastern and Middle States.

DR. T. L. PRIM, surgeon during the war on the staffs of Sidney Johnson, Bragg, Breckinridge and Buckner, has been appointed Surgeon-General of Missouri under the new militia law of that State.

The friends of Colonel Fletcher Webster, who fell at Manassas Junction, are requested to communicate with Miss M. P. Hill, Oak Park, Madison County, Va., who can restore valuables taken from his body.

The health of Director Leverrier, of the Paris Observatory, is such as to excite the alarm of his friends. For some years he has suffered from a malady of the stomach, which has assumed a serious character during the past few weeks.

JUST previous to the departure of the late Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, for Europe, he deposited in the National Museum, in Independence Hall, the sword carried by his ancestor, John Rush, in the service of Oliver Cromwell.

PAULINE LUCCA made what was advertised as her last appearance on the stage, in Prague, on June 8th. It was in that city she won her first fame as *Valentine* in "The Huguenots." She retires to private life to suit the domestic inclinations of her present husband, with an income of 30,000 florins.

THE REV. DR. R. B. NEVIN, pastor of the American Protestant Chapel in Rome, is at present in Philadelphia, visiting his numerous friends. Dr. Nevin is a son of the venerable ex-President of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., Professor J. W. Nevin, D. D., whose virtues, learning and piety have been inherited by him in a remarkable degree.

SIR JAMES FERGUSON, who will probably succeed Lord Dufferin as Governor-General of Canada, was Under-Secretary for India under the Disraeli Government of 1866, was sent out as Governor of Australia in 1868, and was made Governor of New Zealand in 1874. His first wife was a daughter of the celebrated Marquis of Dalhousie, and his second is an Australian lady.

AMONG the noted people at Eins two weeks ago were the Emperor of Germany, Krupp, the gun manufacturer, Wagner, the composer, and Grossi, the actress. The Emperor's apartments, so say the gossips, are simply one floor of the wing of the Karsaal, and for these he pays 300 thalers (about \$240) per week, and for food for himself and retinue 100 thalers per day.

FERNANDO WOOD has engaged rooms at the White Sulphur Springs for the 10th, S. S. Cox for the 20th, Senator Randolph for the 10th, W. W. Corcoran and General Joe Johnston for the 12th, and Milton Saylor for the latter days of the month. The indications are that about one hundred Democratic Representatives will be at the Springs between the 25th of July and the middle of August. Mr. Randall has not as yet signified his intentions.

MRS. BLACK, "The Princess of Thule," wife of Mr. William Black, the English novelist, is described as "bonnie," in the Scotch as well as the English sense of the word, and fresh as an English rose. She is of medium height, with an abundance of light brown hair, and, I think, blue eyes, but I never can be sure of the color of eyes. Mr. Black has a charming house, which he and his wife make a very hospitable one, in the Camberwell region, where Wm. Blake used to take his walks.

At the State ball given by order of the Queen in Buckingham Palace, on the 23d ult., the Princess of Wales wore a dress of silver brocade trimmed in silver embroidery, over a jupe of white poul-de-soin, covered in clouds of silver tulle, bordered with deep volant of the same costly embroidery, and studded with bouquets of fleur de trefle and Marguerites-de-Champs. Head-dress—A tiara of diamonds. Ornaments—Pearls and diamonds. Orders—Victoria and Albert, Catherine of Russia and the Danish Family Order.

The Douglas monument is to have four pillars projecting from the corners of the tomb, which will be surmounted by four emblematic statues in sitting attitudes. They will be of heroic size, of bronze or Italian marble. One will represent History recording on a tablet the doings of Illinois, who sits on another corner, and toward whom History is bending a listening ear. The other two will represent Commerce and the Arts and Sciences. There will be four bas-reliefs extending around the pedestal. One group will represent the aborigines hunting and fishing. Another will represent the pioneer farmer's life. A third, trade and enterprise, illustrated by the building of railroads, telegraph, and the unloading of vessels. A fourth, education, illustrated by churches, colleges, and a class receiving instruction from their schoolmaster.

THAT most popular comedian, John Brougham, full of years and honors, has resolved to take his farewell of the stage this year. He will make a starting tour in the principal cities of the Union, where he will perform a new play which he has written for the occasion, called by the appropriate title of "Good-by." When Brougham leaves the stage we may say, as Johnson did at Garrick's death, that the gaiety of the world is eclipsed. In many respects Brougham has many of the characteristics of Sheridan, who, although not an actor on the boards, was an admirable one off the stage. The popular President of the Lotus Club makes as good an extempore speech as either Sheridan or Dickens, while the social qualities of his heart have long made him the favorite of his friends. There can be no doubt of the ovation he will receive in his farewell starting tour, and we have equally little doubt of the golden shower that will accompany the oration.



NEW YORK CITY.—TEARING DOWN BUILDINGS ON WATER STREET TO MAKE WAY FOR THE NEW YORK APPROACH TO THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.—SEE PAGE 355.

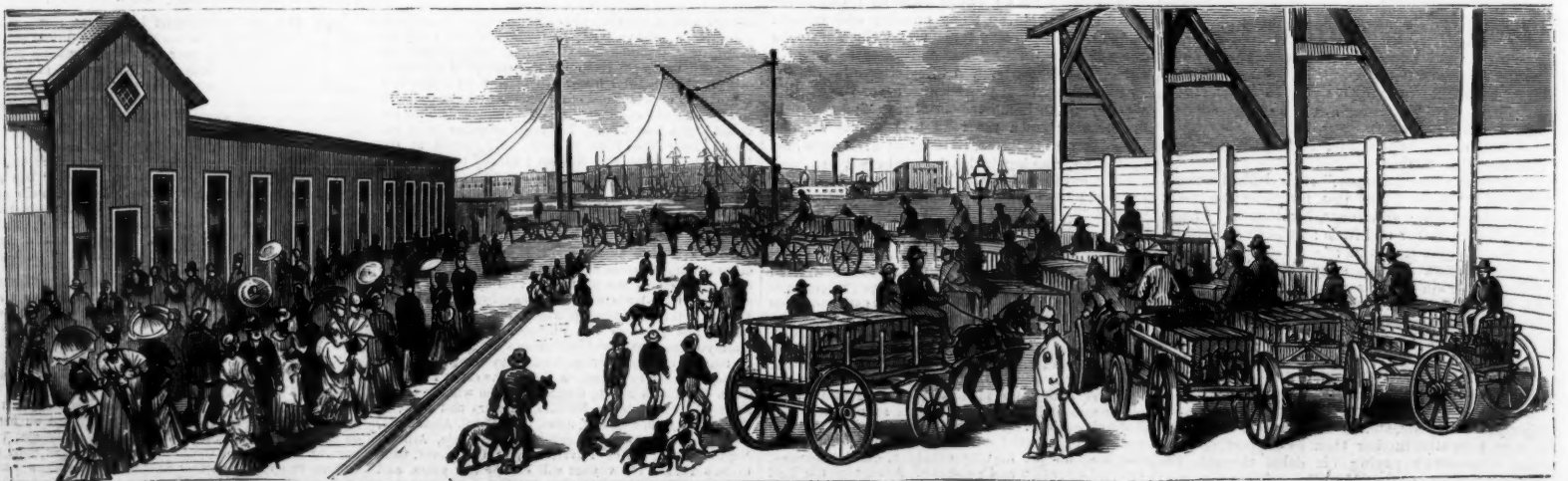
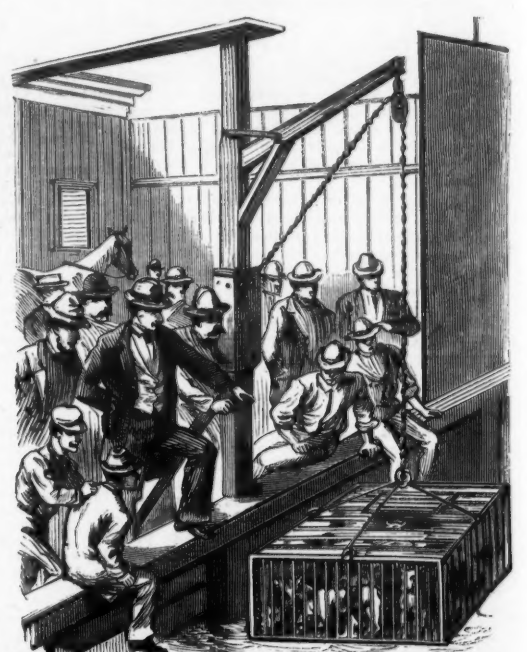
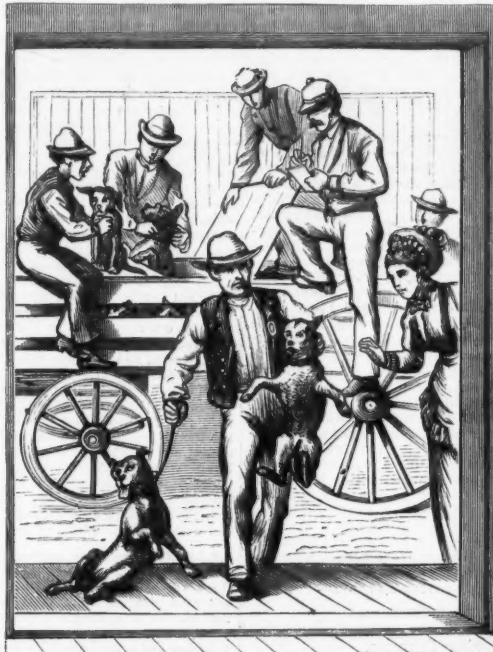
A YEAR'S EARTHQUAKES.

MANIFESTATIONS of internal force beneath the earth's crust in the shape of earthquakes or volcanic eruptions occur on an average nearly three times a week in greater or less intensity in some part of the globe. Such at least is the conclusion to be arrived at from the compilation of all

the recorded phenomena of this kind in the year 1875, lately prepared by Professor Fuchs, and published in a German scientific journal. Out of the three hundred and sixty-five days of that year, one hundred were marked by terrestrial disturbances of which authentic records exist, while there must have been many shocks of more or less violence in unfrequented portions of the globe where

volcanic forces are known to exist. The most serious of these observed phenomena occurred at Cucuta, New Granada, on the 16th, 17th and 18th of May, when several towns and villages were destroyed; at San Cristobal and Guadalupe, in Mexico, on February 11th; at Litu Island, in the North Pacific, on March 28th; at Lahore, in the Punjab, and at Porto Rico, on the 12th and 21st of

December. All these places, it will be observed, are in the torrid zone, with the exception of Lahore, which is only a short distance north of the Tropic of Cancer. It is estimated that no fewer than twenty thousand human beings lost their lives during the destruction caused by these appalling earthquakes, while the damage to property was simply enormous.



1. Dog-catchers at Work. 2. Unloading a Wagon. 3. Drowning the Unclaimed Dogs. 4. The Dog-pound in Sixteenth Street.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE MUNICIPAL WAR ON DOGS—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE SUMMER CANINE CAMPAIGN.

W. G. WILSON,
PRESIDENT OF THE WILSON SEWING-MACHINE
COMPANY.

IT is no unusual occurrence for men to find themselves suddenly grown famous, but it is not often that popular favor and commendation are bestowed with such rare fitness and discretion as upon the subject of our sketch. The leading journals of the country, in commenting upon its various industrial enterprises, have frequently called attention to the marvelous growth in wealth and importance of the Wilson Sewing-machine Company. The immense factory at Grand Crossing, Ill., commanding the best distributing point in the United States; the headquarters at Chicago, including magnificent sales and counting-rooms, supply and minor departments; the elegant branch offices established in all the principal cities—all these evidences of enterprise and unbounded prosperity have been chronicled by able historians, and it has been conceded on all hands that Mr. Wilson has contributed most liberally to the commercial credit and standing of the West. The up-building and management of a business such as we have described is sufficient to elevate any individual above the rank and file of mankind, but it failed to satisfy the distinguished President of the Wilson Sewing-machine Company.

Fortunately Mr. Wilson's ability and ambition have kept even pace, and all his former achievements pale before the master-stroke of policy that vested in him the leadership of the anti-monopolists in the sewing-machine trade. The term leadership in this connection might imply that Mr. Wilson had an army at his command, but facts warrant the assertion that he fought the battle single-handed, bringing it, absolutely, by the force of his indomitable will and untiring perseverance, to its late successful issue. The entire civilized world has become familiar with the history of the old "combination." A mere handful of men arrogating to themselves immense revenues of profit and corporate sovereignty in no degree warranted by their efforts, their ability or their deserts, while the rest of the world contented itself with execrating the selfishness and greed that transformed an absolute household necessity into an article of luxury attainable by but few, Mr. Wilson set quietly and resolutely at work to undermine this superstructure of avarice and rapacity. As a preliminary step, he manufactured a sewing-machine, possessing so many attributes of mechanical perfection, that it compelled the highest encomiums from every home and foreign commission before whom it was tested. This he placed upon the market at a price that brought it within the reach of every one, and had the gratification of finding it grown speedily into favor. The rapid increase of his fairly earned and legitimate resources enabled him to enlarge his business and establish agencies all over the United States, in the principal cities of Europe, South America, the Indies, and even in China and Japan. His discrimination in the choice of representatives, his untiring personal effort and wonderful administrative ability, completed what his inventive genius began; and he stands to-day at the head of one of the most gigantic business enterprises in the world.

Meantime the combination was rapidly becoming demoralized. Internal feuds, expensive litigation and mismanagement on the part of agents were incidental; behind all these there was the steady, determined competition, backed by a one-man-power, that was invincible in its concentrated force.

We are firm believers in the theory that for every crisis—national, religious, social or commercial—there is a master-spirit born for the guidance and control of the righteous elements of the warfare; and the downfall of the monopoly is like a new reading of the quaint old Bible story: The armies of Israel were menaced by the threats and defiance of a monster, "six cubits and a span in height, cunningly incased in a coat of mail, a helmet of brass and a spear like a weaver's beam, whose iron head weighed six hundred shekels." For forty days the giant strutted to and fro, arrogating to himself all the valor and bravery that existed in two vast armies, and no man of the armies of Israel dare attempt his overthrow. But there was a man of the people who stepped forth before the army of the Philistines, and with his single hand slew the braggart, and won for himself everlasting renown. The giant monopoly of the nineteenth century—the "Goliath" of the sewing-machine trade—has fallen, none the less surely, by a single hand, and the comparison is neither a forced nor an unequal one. Mr. Wilson has not only secured fresh honors for himself, but has conferred an inestimable benefit upon the public. He has labored with the valor of a knight and the faith of a prophet, and he will wear his laurels as a conqueror should. It is to no combination of fortunate accidents that the President of the Wilson Sewing-machine Company owes his honorable prominence in the business world. Years of unremitting effort, steadfastness of purpose, and a concentration of will-force, as unusual as it is potent, have placed Mr. Wilson, in his early prime, on the very pinnacle of success, leaving behind him a record rarely attained at three-score years and ten.

CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS, BOSTON.

THE corner-stone of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, on Washington Street, Boston, was laid on September 15th, 1867, with magnificent cere-



NEW KNAPSACK FOR INFANTRY SOLDIERS, INVENTED BY LT.-COL. H. C. MERRIAM, 2d U. S. INFANTRY.



W. G. WILSON, PRESIDENT OF THE WILSON SEWING-MACHINE COMPANY.

monials. Cardinal (then Archbishop) McCloskey preached the sermon, all the bishops of the province and all the clergy of the diocese, besides several others, being present.

The complete building measures over 46,000 square feet, and covers somewhat over an acre of ground. In this respect, therefore, it will take precedence of some celebrated European cathedrals; for instance: those of Strasbourg, Pisa, Salisbury, Vienna, and Venice; also St. Patrick's, in Dublin. The style is early English Gothic, cruciform, with transept, nave, aisle, and clerestory, the latter being supported by two rows of clustered metal pillars, beautifully bronzed and polished, and elegantly ornamented, which are models of grace.

The length of the church, including the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, on the northeast corner, is 364

feet. The length of nave, exclusive of the chapel, is about 300 feet; width at the transept, 170 feet; width of nave and aisles, or of the main body of the church, 90 feet; height to the elegant wooden ceiling, 95 feet; height to the ridge-pole, 120 feet. There are two main towers in front and a turret, all of unequal height, and all, in time, to be surmounted by spires. The great tower on the southwest corner, with its spire, will be 300 feet in height, and the small tower on the northwest corner will be 200 feet. The foundations on which the larger spire will rest are laid massive and deep, being fifty feet square, with a breadth of fifteen feet at the base.

There are no galleries, except the organ-gallery over the vestibule. The whole interior is clear space, broken only by the two rows of columns extending along the nave and carried to full height as



MASSACHUSETTS.—THE NEW CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS, IN BOSTON.

a support to the central roof. An idea of the spaciousness of the floor area may be given in saying that the pews could accommodate from 3,000 to 3,500 persons, and, when the standing-room is also occupied, double that number could find place on this single floor.

The ceiling abounds in carved wood and tracery, and shows all the lines of groined roof, though in light and open work, as the nature of the material and metal supports seem to demand. The panels and spandrels show three shades of oak, with an outer line of African wood. Every alternate panel is ornamented with emblematic devices. The roof in the transept is more highly ornamented, displaying an immense cross of inlaid wood. The ceiling of the chancel is still more highly finished, for upon it are painted angels representing Faith, Hope, Charity, Temperance and Fortitude, and clustering around in attendance are many others, all standing out clearly and well-defined on a background of gold. In the transept and chancel-windows are representations of the Crucifixion, Resurrection, Nativity, the Immaculate Conception and the Ascension, while in the clerestory of the transept and chancel are twenty-four windows in which are portraits of the prophets and the apostles. Under the chancel is a chapel for the children, about one hundred and twenty-five feet square, which will easily seat from one thousand to two thousand children. Here is placed the altar of the old Cathedral in Franklin Street. In the rear of this altar is the crypt. The doorways to the Cathedral are five in number and very large, three are in front and one in each transept, so that the Cathedral, large as it is, can be emptied in a very few minutes.

A NEW COMBINATION KNAPSACK.

H. C. MERRIAM, Lieutenant-Colonel, Second United States Infantry, has invented a combination knapsack, which is deserving of much attention in military circles. A glance at our engraving will show that the weight of the knapsack is thrown on the back of the soldier just above the hips, and that the entire combination is held steadily in place by straps connecting with the upright sticks on the sides. These sticks are arranged to splice together and uphold a shelter-tent, which is also carried with the blanket and clothing on the upper portion of the knapsack. The box on which these rest is made to hold rations, cooking utensils, and other articles. The combination, contrary to what might be supposed, is neither clumsy nor unduly cumbersome. It has already received the hearty commendation of prominent army officers, as well as the private soldiers for whom it is designed.

ODD FELLOWS' MONUMENT, MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY, BOSTON.

ON Wednesday, June 13th, an elegant monument was dedicated in the Odd Fellows' lot in Mount Hope Cemetery, Boston. There was a monster procession in the city, and after parading the principal streets, special trains conveyed the brethren to the cemetery, where the formal exercises of dedication took place. These consisted of an introductory address by Nathaniel Adams, W. G. M.; an original choral by Brother B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington); a dedicatory address by Horace W. Stuckney, M. W. G. M.; a presentation address by Albert L. Fessenden, G. W., and an oration by Rev. A. A. Miner, LL.D., P. G.

The commission was given to Mr. Ball to model the monument from designs by E. C. P. Newcomb. The work was modeled in Philadelphia, and its translation into granite took place at Hallowell, Me. The base is of Quincy granite, and is composed of three steps, in all about three feet high. Upon this the pedestal rests. The latter is of polished granite, the centre panels being polished, and the molding of red granite. Upon this structure, which is eight feet four inches high, are engraved the three links and the bundle of rods. In the middle of the molding, on the upper edge, is a globe, with pendent drapery underneath, inscribed: "Friendship, Love and Truth." Surmounting the pedestal are the statues representing David and Jonathan. They are eight feet high, and are sculptured in Hallowell granite entirely. Jonathan is clad in armor and David in a rustic costume, probably meant for that of a shepherd-boy. Jonathan is advising David as to his safety, and David stands in an attitude of loving acknowledgment of his friend's solicitude towards him. The distance from the pedestal to the crest of Jonathan's helmet is eight feet four inches, making the total height of the monument, base and all, about nineteen feet.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE DOGS OF NEW YORK CITY.

THE war upon unlicensed dogs in New York City began on the 2d of July, when the catchers appointed by Mayor Ely entered upon their work.



MASSACHUSETTS.—ODD FELLOWS' MONUMENT, IN MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY, BOSTON.

A building was erected at the foot of East Sixteenth Street, and several hundred pine-cells constructed for the temporary confinement of stray dogs. There is a running stream of water for each row of kennels, and behind the building is a derrick that can be worked by two men. A cage having a capacity of thirty dogs is attached to the rope, and, after being filled, is lowered into the river, and allowed to rest long enough for all the dogs to drown. Upon being removed from the cage the bodies are taken, by men connected with the Health Department, to Barren Island.

The dogs are gathered by the catchers as well as boys in all parts of the city, and placed in the wagon of the district catcher, and at eight o'clock every morning the wagons are driven to the pound and their occupants transferred to the kennels, whence they are removed to the cage for drowning if unclaimed within a reasonable time.

Two compassionate women, supposed to be sisters, and known to be boarders in the Buckingham Hotel, visit the pound daily, and spend an hour or two in feeding and watering the dogs. They seem incited by love for the animals, and have no fear of them. As they walk among them they pick up dogs at random and caress them. They wear dresses suitable to the work they have undertaken, and, pinning their skirts about them, proceed quietly with their task. The attendants may assure them that they have watered every dog, but they pay no attention, and, with their own hands, draw pailful after pailful of water from the hydrant, and do not rest until they have supplied every dog.

FUN.

LIGHTNING never strikes twice in the same place, any more than two strawberries hit the same short-cake.

A LITTLE girl in Clinton, Ill., was teaching her little brother the Lord's Prayer, the other night, and, when she had said, "Give us this day our daily bread," he suddenly called out: "Pray for syrup, too, sister; pray for syrup, too."

A GENTLEMAN recently carried a letter of introduction from a friend to a stranger. The stranger received him coolly and showed him the door. A little investigation showed the reason. The letter said, "Treat him like a tramp," but the stranger read it, "Treat him like a tramp."

AN old woman on being examined before a magistrate as to her place of legal settlement was asked what reason she had for supposing her husband had a legal settlement in that town. The old lady said: "He was born and married there, and they buried him there, and if that isn't settling there, what is?"

A French paper announces the approaching marriage of the Duke of Connaught with the eldest daughter of the King of Holland. This is very unlikely. There are grave and important State reasons why none of the British Royal House should marry a member of the King of Holland's family. The principal one is that he has no daughter.

A RIGHTEOUS Louisiana Judge, in a case involving the question of the ownership of a hog, ruled out both plaintiff and defendant, and gave the animal to one of the witnesses. The noteworthy feature of this decision is not that plaintiff and defendant came away empty handed, but that the lawyers didn't have a chance to divide the hog between themselves.

SCENE at the seaside: Youth with sad, love-struck air—"O, wilt thou not be mine—my own dear bride? I love you deeply, fondly, passionately, wildly! I cannot live without you. Say, oh say, thou wilt be mine!" Maiden, with downcast eyes—"Adolphus, is there anything the matter with my dress? I saw the Smith girls just now look at me curiously. Does my hair set all right? Adolphus discontinues his love-making.

SHABBY genteel proverb (specially adapted to hard-up people during May weather)—A new umbrella case covers a multitude of slits. A patch well put on is as good as a new shoe. A paper collar never goes to the wash. Always put off till to-morrow what you cannot pay to-day. In a shower of rain an old hat looks as good as a new one. The man who goes often to the tailor gets the account at last. Half a pair of gloves is better than none at all. It is a short bill that has no renewal. Never leave off a brass chain till you get a gold one. Third-class traveling is as good as second when you meet nobody you know. Level boot-heels and a light heart always go together.

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TITANS AND MEN.

"BLESSED are the meek!" exclaims the voice of inspiration, but can a man be meek with the consciousness that a dreaded monster is consuming his vitals? We are not a race of Titans. A Prometheus might stand chained to the torturing rock with a vulture perpetually gnawing his liver, and his face ever wear an expression of heroic and even meek endurance. But Prometheus has left no descendants. With vultures (disease) consuming his liver, the modern man makes himself and every one around him miserable. Fretful, gloomy, hypochondriacal, he sees the world and life all on the wrong side—the dark side—and whoever dares to assert that there is a sunny side, he regards as an enemy, or at best a mocker of his imaginary woes. Unlike the mythical Titan, the victim of disease is not successful. There is an arm to rescue—a balm to cleanse and heal. As remedies for this most depressing of all diseases—"Liver Complaint"—none are more efficient or popular than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets. The Pellets effectually remove the effete and poisonous matter, while the Medical Discovery imparts strength and health to the entire system. They are sold by druggists.

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SCIENCE IN BUILDING.—The new fire-proof Hotel Brunswick, of Boston, has a most perfect system of ventilation from cellar to roof. Speaking tubes communicate every room and suite with the main office, and a great passenger elevator takes guests to any floor. In all its appointments the Brunswick ranks second to no hotel in the world; certainly nothing approaching it was ever before opened in Boston, and as its rates of charges are no higher than is usual at first-class hotels, it is no wonder that its great success is already assured.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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CONTENTS:**LITERATURE.**

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Richmond and Aducht. A Story of Cologne. By Miss Ella T. Dinwady.
The Flower Garden.—The White-tipped Humming-bird. Alpha and Omega. By the Rev. G. Flavel Humphreys.
The Shepherd's Dog.
The Maid of Chios.—Poem: Up the Mountain. By Thomas W. Knox.—The Gospel among Paris Workmen.
Poem: Persian Story.—Misspent Evenings.—An Example for Girls.—A Strange Story.
The Pelor Japonicum.—The Pipe Fish.
Stories from the Talmud and other Jewish Sources. Translated by Mrs. Rosalie Kaufman.
The Campanile.—Japanese Mushrooms.
A Lion Hunt in Africa.
The Sickle Bill.—Gentle in Jail. By Frederick Saunders.
The Horrors of War.—The Moslem Maiden.
St. Paul a Philosopher.—By Bishop Wightman. Continued from July Number.
A Dog of Unusual Resources.
Alypius of Tagaste. By Mrs. Webb.
The Children's Sunday. By Margaret Sangster.
Shakespeare Memorial.—The Great Harry Eagle. My Experience with Orang-outangs. By Professor Austin.
Divine Protection.—The Python and the Tiger.
Poem: The Victor. By Julia Elizabeth Young.—Murrillo.—The Number Seven.
Poem: Feed My Lambs. By Mrs. Martin.—Fragments from Vinet. Translated by J. E. Rankin, D.D.
Home of the Stag.—Don't Write There.
The Honey Bee. By Margaret P. Jones.
Poem: Faith. By the Rev. George Gibson.—Enriching the Vatican.—Poem: Our Best. By George Birdseye.
The Grotto of the Huguenots.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Constantinople.
Map of Turkish Empire.
Portrait: Abdul Hamid, Present Sultan of Turkey.
Wayside Fountain at Constantinople.
Turkish Bank-note.
Interior of the Mosque of Ahmed, Constantinople.
Turkish Lady and Gentleman.
Palace of the Khans.
Cemetery at Constantinople.
Outdoor Costume of a Turkish Lady.
Hammam, or Turkish Porter.
Punishment in a Turkish School.
Khan, or Oriental Lodging-house.
Tomb of the Dervishes at Scutari.
Gardens at Constantinople.
Turkish Letter-writer.
Princess of Montenegro.
Turkish Reception.
Turkish Flute-player.
The Climbing Crab.
The Albatross.
Tomb of the Three Kings, Cologne.
The Flower Garden.
White-tipped Humming-birds.
The Shepherd's Dog.
The Maid of Chios.
The Pelor Japonicum.
The Pipe Fish.
Death of Abel.
Parable of the Sower.
The Campanile.
The Sickle Bill.
A Lion Hunt in Africa.
The Horrors of War.
The Moslem Maiden.
A Dog of Unusual Resources.
Sophia is Requested to Undertake an Important Mission.
The Memon.
Ruins of Thebes.
Sermons in Stones.
Beneath the Shadow of the Sphinx.
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Scribner for August.

In continuance of the plan introduced by us last year, the **SCRIBNER MONTHLY** for August is the

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Almost every contribution has been inserted with special reference to the number and the season. The cover has an artistic decoration by Fidelia Bridges, and the number is crowded with beautiful pictures. The opening illustrated article is devoted to

"North American Grouse,"

and no true sportsman or lover of birds can fail to be attracted by the beauty of the description and engravings. Another illustrated article,

"A Railroad in the Clouds,"

describes one of the most remarkable engineering achievements of the century, the Peruvian Railroad over the Andes, parts of which are over 15,000 feet above sea-level, and many of whose bridges span ravines filled with perpetual cloud. Not less interesting is

"Babes in the Wood,"

being Mrs. Janet Chase Hoyt's account, with numerous illustrations, of trip with two children through the Maine woods in a birch-bark canoe. Another illustrated article is by Dr. W. G. Beers, on

"Canadian Sports."

No such complete and fully illustrated paper on this subject has ever before been issued. "Lacrosse," and sports in which the Snow-shoe and "Tobogan" play the most important parts, are pleasantly described and illustrated. Refreshing, too, is a paper on

"Strawberries," by John Burroughs,

written in a style as delicious in its way as the berries themselves, and Mr. E. S. Nadal's account of a short horseback ride into New York on "The Old Boston Road."

A New Story, by Auerbach.

The distinguished German novelist, Berthold Auerbach, contributes an original story for this Magazine.

Frances Hodgson Burnett,

author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," has a pathetic story of a wax-works man, entitled "Smethurst's"; H. H. Boyesen, a story of Ohio life, called "Swart among the Buckeyes," and Mary E. C. Wyeth, a sketch of an amusing character, entitled "Moses an' Aaron."

A New Serial by Miss Trafton.

"His Inheritance," by Adelino Trafton, author of "An American Girl Abroad," "Katherine Earle," etc., is also begun. The poetry is by the author of "Deirdre," Steadman, Stoddard, Bayard Taylor, Celia Thaxter, and others.

Clara Louise Kellogg

has an interesting article on "Some Japanese Melodies," with the scores of three melodies.

The first edition, 75,000, of the Midsummer Holiday Number, is now ready, and for sale everywhere; price, 35 cents. Subscription price, \$4 a year.

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